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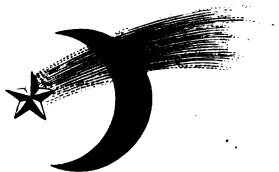
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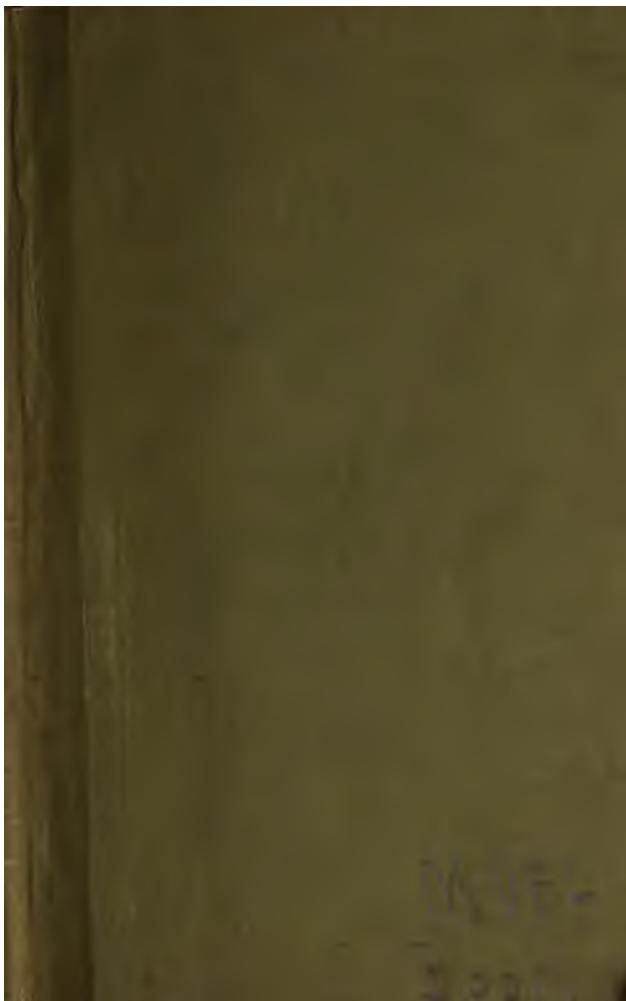
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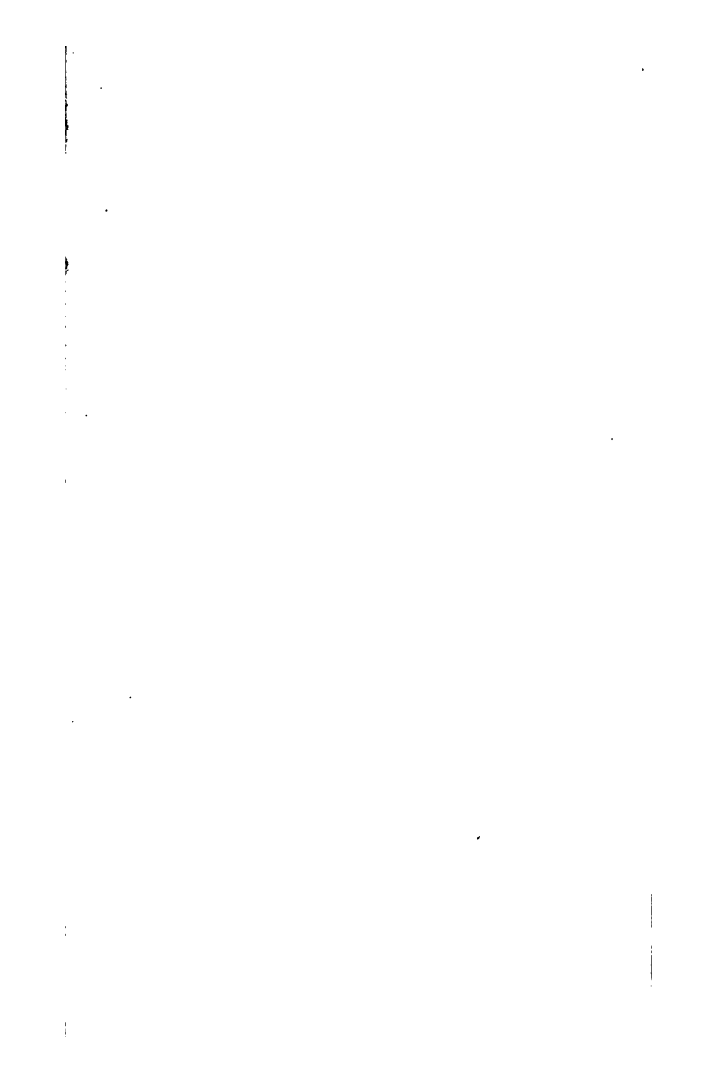


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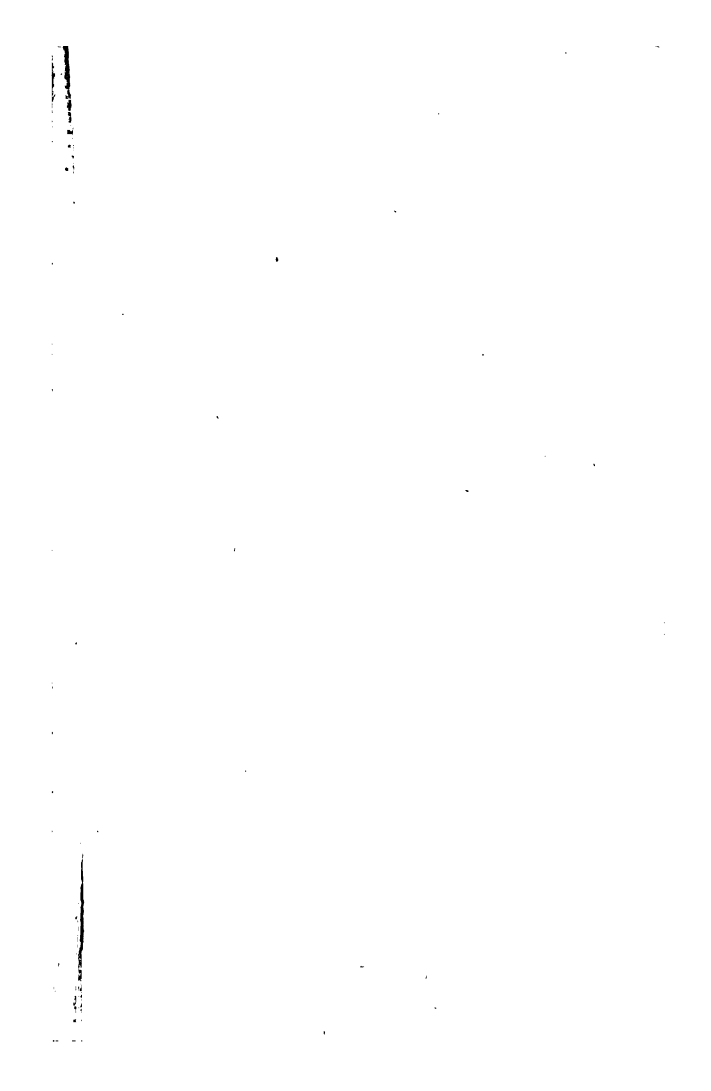




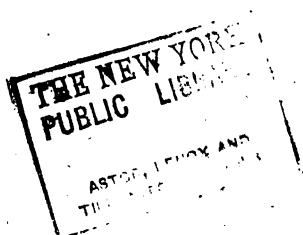
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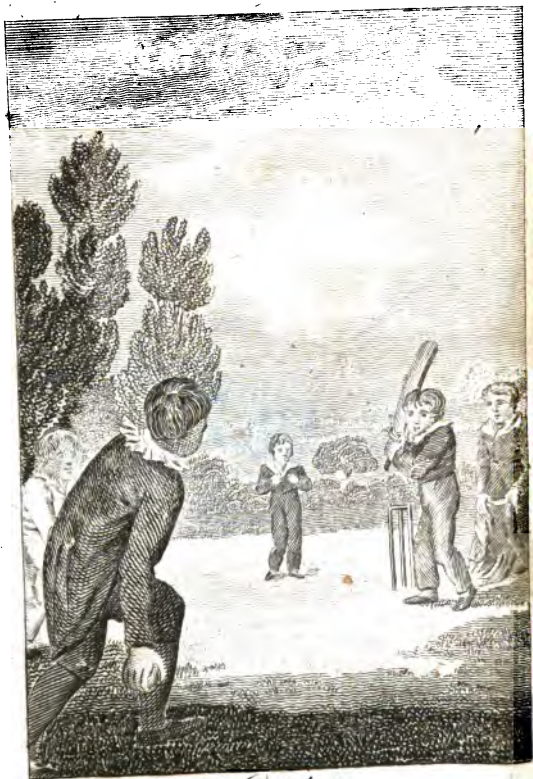
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BOOK OF GAMES;

OR, A

HISTORY

OF

JUVENILE SPORTS,

PRACTISED AT A

CONSIDERABLE ACADEMY NEAR LONDON.



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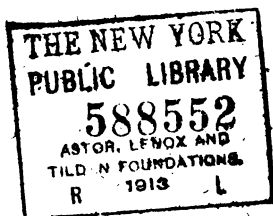
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NEW YORK
JAN
1881

BOOK
OF
GAMES.

CHAP. I.

Introduction.—The Journey.

THOMAS WHITE was the only son of a gentleman of fortune, in the neighbourhood of London. Mr. White had four daughters, but Thomas was his only son; two of his sisters were much older, and the others considerably younger than himself. Little Tom, it may easily be supposed, was a great favourite; indeed his uniform sweetness of temper, and the excellence of his dispo-

sition, could not fail endearing him to all who knew him.

As Mr. White was not engaged in business, he devoted a large portion of his time to the education of his son; an employment in which he found so much pleasure, that he formed the plan of keeping Tom, who was both diligent and tractable, at home, and bringing him up himself.

Tom was not deficient in abilities; it may therefore be supposed, that under an instructor so able, and so indefatigable, he made considerable progress; and when he was ten years old, he was certainly much forwarder than the generality of boys at his age. Mr. White, delighted with his son's improvement, found that the task of instructing him, daily became more

pleasing ; but he was prevented finishing the work he had begun, and completing his education, by the sudden death of a friend on the Continent, to settle whose affairs he was obliged to take a journey into Russia ; and he determined to place Tom at some good school during his absence.

Dr. Benson, a respectable clergyman, with whom he had long been acquainted, was the person to whose care Mr. White determined to consign his son. The residence of this gentleman was at a pleasant village in Sussex, a few miles from the coast.

Dr. Benson had three sons, the eldest was soon to take orders, the second was about fifteen, and George, the youngest, was not quite eleven. In the care of his parish, and the educa-

tion of his sons, the Doctor was indefatigable; but as they were of different ages, he found that his time would admit of more employment, and he had for many years taken a limited number of pupils. He had at present a vacancy for one, and willingly consented to receive the son of his old friend.

Tom White did not hear that it was necessary for him to leave home, without experiencing a severe degree of regret. Warmly attached to the friends with whom he had so happily passed his life, it is not to be wondered that he should feel much distressed at leaving them; but convinced that his father would not have determined to part with him, if he had not thought it necessary, he did not offer to oppose his wishes.

As Mr. White was anxious to accompany his son, himself, before he quitted England, he hastened as much as possible his departure; and in little more than a week from his first hearing his father's intentions, he was received into the family of the respectable Dr. Benson.

It was on the second of May, that Thomas White, for the first time in his life, quitted his fond parents' roof, and with his father set forward in a post-chaise for the delightful village which was for some time to be his residence.

It is needless to describe a parting, which, it will easily be believed, occasioned to all parties the most lively regret. In bidding adieu to his mother and sisters, Thomas experienced

a degree of sorrow he had never known before, nor was their distress less than his own. He, however, supported the painful separation with great courage, and it was not till he was seated by his father, and had lost sight of the house, and all that it contained, that he permitted himself to give way to his long suppressed feelings; but then, unable to restrain his tears, he threw himself back in the chaise, and for a few minutes gave vent to those expressions of sorrow which he had hitherto with the utmost difficulty endeavoured to prevent.

His father, who had admired the fortitude with which he had supported this distressing separation, doubted not that he would soon re-

cover himself, and took no notice of him. He was not mistaken; in less than a quarter of an hour, Thomas had; by a laudable exertion, gained sufficient composure to enter into conversation with his father.

Pleased with this instance of self-command, Mr. White endeavoured all in his power to render the ride agreeable; he made him remark the beauties of the surrounding country; told him some anecdotes relating to the towns they passed through, and the gentlemen's seats they saw at a distance.

HOCKEY.

As they could not immediately procure fresh horses at one of the places they stopped at, Mr. White, with a

view of diverting his son, 'proposed taking a little walk, to which Thomas readily consented. After they had walked for some time in a path which skirted a wood, they came to an open place, where some well looking boys were at play. Each of them had a sort of hooked stick, with which they were beating a ball. Thomas stood for some time looking at them, and then asked his father what game they were playing at?

Mr. White.—It is called Hockey. Those boys seem to play well; but I cannot say it is an amusement of which I am very fond.

Thomas.—Why not, sir? it seems a very pretty game.

Mr. White.—I cannot help thinking it a rather dangerous one; though

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Hockey.

Pub. by Tabart & Co. 127, New Bond Street. Feb. 4. 1805.

I believe it is, in reality, not more so than many others; it was a favourite amusement among us, when I was a boy at school, but it was put a stop to by a very melancholy accident.

Thomas.—Pray, sir, what was that?

Mr. White.—You have heard me speak of James Robson, a boy of whom I was particularly fond.

• *Thomas.*—O yes, often; he is Captain Robson now, is he not? the gentleman who dined at our house one day last Christmas, and who has only one eye?

Mr. White.—The same; he lost his eye playing at Hockey.

Thomas.—Dear, did he? Did you knock it out, for I have heard you say you always played together?

Mr. White.—No, fortunately, I

did not. A boy who had not been long at the school, and to whom Robson was teaching the game, in striking at the ball, missed his aim, and gave him so severe a blow, as to occasion the loss of his eye.

Thomas.—O how unhappy the poor boy must have been who did it!

Mr. White.—Indeed I believe he was, for he was a good boy, and very fond of Robson.

Thomas.—Pray, sir, was it long before it got well?

Mr. White.—Yes, a great while, and he had nearly lost the sight of the other eye, in consequence of the violent inflammation which the pain occasioned. This accident banished Hockey altogether from the school,

and I have never liked the thoughts of the game from that time to this.

Thomas.—Pray, sir, will you tell me some of the rules of it, for I do not very well understand the game, from only seeing it played.

Mr. White.—Willingly: those I remember; but I believe I have not seen it played these thirty years. In the first place, then, do not you see a piece of stick with both ends stuck in the ground, just there?

Thomas.—What, that bit of briar, which is bent into the form of an arch?

Mr. White.—Yes, that is called the goal, and there is another which answers to it, at some distance, the other side the boys.

Thomas.—Yes, I see it; are they always made of briars?

Mr. White.—Mostly; for it is easier to find a long piece of that wood which will bend, than any other. You know briar is extremely pliable. Well, when the goals are erected, the players divide into two parties; to each of whom belongs the care of one of them. The game consists in endeavouring to drive the ball (which is either made of wood or cork; an old bung cut round at the edges answers the purpose very well, and called the hockey) through the goal of your antagonist.

Both parties meet in the middle space between the goals, and the ball is then tossed up. The players next endeavour to strike the hockey, and

drive it through their adversaries' goal. In this the art of the game consists; for it requires a good deal of skill to send it through so small a space at such a distance. I have known a game last for more than two hours, if the parties have been well matched. The players on each side must defend their own goal, while they endeavour to send their ball through that of their opponents. These boys all seem to play with much dexterity. See with what address that little boy in the dark coat parries the stroke of his antagonist.

Thomas.—Ah! look, it is over, is it not? The tall boy has driven the hockey through the sticks; the goal, I think, you call it.

Mr. White.—Yes, it is usually so called ; and the sticks are known by the name of hockey sticks.

Thomas.—I think hockey seems a pretty game. I wonder whether I could play at it.

Mr. White.—Not without a good deal of practice, I dare say ; but it is not a game which is now in very general use. The eagerness with which boys are too apt to play at it, has been the occasion of many accidents, and it is I believe forbidden in many schools.

Thomas.—I wonder whether it is permitted at Dr. Benson's ; do you think it is, sir ?

Mr. White.—Indeed I do not know ; I rather think it is not, for I remember he once said he did not

very much like the game. But come, Tom, I dare say they have got horses by this time, let us return to the inn.

During the remainder of the journey, Mr. White kindly gave his son much excellent advice, for his future conduct. Deeply engaged in attending to his father's interesting conversation, Thomas was much surprised to find, when the chaise stopped, that they had reached Kingston, which was the name of the village where the Doctor resided.

Dr. Benson came out to welcome them, and received his young pupil with a degree of kindness which greatly encouraged and relieved him. There was in the mild benignity of this excellent man, something

which never failed inspiring all who knew him with love, as well as respect and esteem. Thomas experienced the truth of this, and before the tea-things were removed found himself tolerably at ease.

CHAP. II.

TRAP - BALL.

WELL, young men, said the Doctor, addressing himself to his two youngest sons, and to his pupils, what think you of a game at trap-ball before you go to bed? There is plenty of time, and it is a fine evening for the purpose. Will not you, my dear Thomas, said he, turning to his new guest, accompany them? a little play will do you good after your long ride. Thomas readily consented, and accompanied the boys into a field adjoining the house. "This is our play-place in fine wea-

ther," said George Benson, "and a nice one it is. Well, what is the game to-night? Trap-ball, I believe, my father proposed. Do you play at trap-ball, White?" "No," replied White, "I know but little about it."

George Benson.—I suppose you know the rules of the game, however, and can join in our party. Who has got the trap?

James Benson.—Here it is; but I think I had rather have a game at fives. If you and Price will play at trap-ball, and give White a lesson, Jackson, and Seymore, and I will go to the high wall and have a good game at fives.

George Benson.—Very well. Away with you then, and I will hold you

both, Price and White. Who has a half-penny, to toss up for first innings? O, here is one; heads or tails? Tails, did you say? Well then I have it, for it is heads. Now, are you ready?

Thomas White.—What are we to do? I have forgot what little I have heard of the game; I never played at it but once.

George.—Well then I will tell you; you know, of course, that when I hit the trigger, the ball flies up, and that I must then give it a good stroke with the bat. If I strike at the ball and miss my aim, or if, when I have struck it, either you or Price catch it before it has touched the ground, or if I hit the trigger more than twice, without striking the ball, I am out,

and one of you take the bat, and come in, as it is called.

White.—And we are to try to hit the trap with the ball, are we not? and you will be out as soon as we have done so? And do not you reckon one every time we bowl without being able to hit the trap?

George.—Yes, that is the way *we* usually play; but I believe sometimes the person who is in guesses how many bat's length off the ball has stopped, and reckons as many as he guesses, if that is less than the real number; but if he guesses more than there really are, he is cast.

White.—I do not clearly understand you.

George.—Perhaps I do not clearly explain myself. Indeed I have never





Trap Ball.

Pub. by Tabart & Co. 157, New Bond Street Feb. 1, 1865

played the game in that manner; but Seymore says they always did, at the school he used to go to. Suppose now that I am *in*, and you bowl, and the ball stops there, just where I point, I guess that it is five times the length of the bat from the trap, if you think there are not so many, and order me to measure, should there be only four times, I am out; but if there should happen to be six or eight times, I may reckon them all, though I had only guessed five. Now do you understand what I mean? though it does not signify, as we play the other way.

White.—I believe I do. What have you stuck those two sticks in the ground for?

George.—To mark the bounds.

You know the batsman is out, if he does not strike the ball between them, or if it stops short of them ; and he reckons one every time the other party miss the trap in throwing the ball. We have three innings a piece, and he wins who gets most. But as you do not know much of the game, and as Price is such a little fellow, I will play against you both. Now for it then ; but I must take my coat off—it is so hot. Now I am ready. There, catch the ball, boys.—Ay, you have missed it.

Price.—I thought White would have caught it. Now I will bowl.—O, it has not hit the trap.

White.—Let me bowl this time. There, you are out, I think, master George.

George.—Indeed, White, you bowl well. I am only one. It is your turn to go in now.

White took the bat, but as he was unused to the management of one, he held it very awkwardly, and struck repeatedly at the ball, without being able to hit it. George, very good-humouredly, shewed him the best method of holding the bat, and let him practise striking the ball several times before they continued their game. When they again began to play, White gave a noble stroke, and sent the ball to such a distance, that George could not, with all his strength, bowl it quite home; and Tom, with great pleasure, counted one. But the next time, he hit it so feebly, that George had no diffi-

culty in bowling him out. It was then Price's turn to come in, he also counted only one; for the next time, he drove it outside the boundary sticks.

"Ah, I shall beat you both, I dare say," cried George, good-humouredly, taking the trap. "There, I think you will not bowl me out this time, White. You have indeed!" continued he, as he threw down the bat. "Why, how wonderfully well you do bowl! You must have been used to that. I am sure."

White.—Yes. My father is fond of playing at bowls. We have got a bowling-green, and I have often practised.

The peculiar skill which White possessed in bowling, made him a

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Fives.

Pub. by Tabart & Co. 137 New Bond Street. Feb. 4, 1846.

tolerable match for George Benson ; and Tom felt no small degree of pleasure, when victory declared in favour of the two novices.

“You have won, I declare!” cried George, as he was bowled out by Thomas, after he had been twice in, “I did not except to be beat by you, as you said you knew nothing of the game. Shall we go now and see what the fives-players are about?”

FIVES.

White.—Yes, I should like it very much. I never saw any thing of that game. Pray, how is it played?

George Benson.—Come this way, and you shall see. We must stand at some distance, or we shall be in

the way. You see my brother James is playing against those two. They let the ball fall on the ground, and when it rebounds, strike it with all their force against the wall.

At fives, as well as at trap-ball, one party is what is called *in*, and the other *out*. The game is fifteen, and we generally toss up to determine who must be in first.

When this is settled, the person who is to begin, strikes the ball against the wall in such a manner, as that it should rebound without that line, along the ground which we generally put about six yards from the wall. One of the opposite party is to be ready to strike it back again, either before or after it has bounded once. They need not send

it so far as the line on the ground, after the first time; but it may always go above that line, which runs along the wall about three feet from the ground. The party who begun, are to return it again, and so they go on, striking it alternately, till one or the other either misses striking it, or does not send it above the line, or drives it out of bounds.

White.—Well, but I do not understand when it is you count. Do you reckon one every time you strike the wall?

George.—Oh, no, I will tell you, if you will have a little patience. Suppose you and I were at play together, and we will say that I am *in* first. Every time you miss the ball, I reckon one. If I miss it, or hit it

improperly, it puts me out; and you come in, and reckon one every time that I drive it out of bounds, or below the mark. Now do you understand?

White.—Yes, thank you, I believe I do. The person who is *in* reckons, and it is only for his adversary's mistakes that he counts. Is not that the way?

George.—Yes. Now look at them. Can you tell what put Jackson out that time?

White.—He missed the ball, did he not, the first time it bounded? What a great way your brother sends the ball: is that an excellence?

George.—That is according to circumstances. He does not send it so far every time. There! it hardly

went a yard from the wall. A good player will strike it so, as to give his adversary the most difficulty he can in hitting it. This time James saw that both Jackson and Seymore were at a distance, and therefore he struck it so that it should fall quite close, that they might have to run; and, you know, if they had not been quick enough to hit it, he would have reckoned. Just now, when he sent it so far off, they were near the wall. But when there are more than one at play in the same party, they should not stand too close together, but watch which is the most likely place for the ball to fall, and disperse themselves about, so as to be ready for it wherever it comes.

White.—Does your brother play well?

George.—Yes, he is a very good hand at it. You see he is active, and he has a good deal of knowledge of the game. My eldest brother plays remarkably well, and he joins us now and then; but Reynolds, a young man, who is now gone home, because his father is ill, beats them both. Sometimes we have charming games, my brother, and Jackson, and Price, against James, and Seymore, and me. You shall join us to-morrow, and try what you can do. It is a delightful game, and I am sure you will like it.

White.—O, I am afraid I shall not be able to play at all. What is that bell for?

George.—It is my father ringing for us to go into his study. We

always do so a short time before we go to bed.

James Benson.—Oh, we have not time to finish our game. Jackson improves so much, that I shall soon be afraid to engage him and Seymore together. But come, let us make haste, or my father will be waiting.

Thomas accompanied his young companions into the Doctor's study, where they found the whole family assembled, as usual, to close the day in united praises for the blessings they had received.

CHAP. III.

Mr. White's Departure.

AFTER breakfast the next morning, Mr. White was under the necessity of returning home. When the chaise was at the door, Tom begged that he might accompany his father a little way, as he was sure that he should not lose himself, for he had taken notice of the road the night before. The Doctor's consent was very easily obtained, and Mr. White, after promising that he would not take him too far, took leave of the family of his much esteemed friend, and, shaking the Doctor's

hand, stepped into the chaise, where Thomas was already seated.

Mr. White lost no part of the few remaining minutes he had to pass with his son.

After praising him for the fortitude he had hitherto shewn, he recommended to him, in the strongest terms, a continuance of the same exertions. "Let me persuade you, my dear boy," said he, "to acquire a habit of viewing every occurrence on the best side. Do not suffer your mind to dwell on any unpleasant circumstance you may chance to meet with; but by constantly contemplating the many blessings you enjoy, endeavour to gain a contented and cheerful disposition."

When Thomas quitted his father,

34 *Mr. White's Departure.*

he walked pensively along the road which led to the Doctor's, frequently turning round, in the vain hope of seeing the chaise, though he had continued to watch it, till it was entirely hid from his sight, before he began to return. As he was slowly entering the little court in front of the Doctor's house, he met Mr. Edward Benson, the Doctor's eldest son.

“ Well, Thomas,” said he, “ how far did you go with your father?”

Thomas.—As far as the second mile-stone, sir.

Mr. Benson.—Did you? And pray, did you not admire the view? We reckon that part of the road one of our prettiest walks.

Thomas.—I did not look much

at it, sir. I was listening to what my father said as I went, and I was thinking too much about him as I came back.

Mr. Benson.—I do not wonder that you should leave so kind a parent with regret, but it is an evil, you know, we must all submit to. You will most likely see your father again in less than a twelvemonth.

Thomas.—Oh, sir, what a long time that is. I have never in all my life been parted from him one month.

Mr. Benson.—It is a long time to look forward to, but I trust you will not find it pass heavily. Employ your time well, and it will never appear tedious. You had better set about something now. What shall it be,

Thomas?—"What you please, sir," said Thomas, with a sigh. "Nay, my dear, I do not wish to compel you," replied Mr. Benson, good-humouredly, "but I think you would find yourself more comfortable, if you had something to employ your thoughts."

Idleness is the bane of virtue, and the destroyer of happiness.

"That is the copy the boys are writing this morning. What say you to joining them? Come, shall I introduce you to the study?" To this proposal Thomas assented, though he fancied he felt too dull to attend to business.

The Doctor received him with great kindness, and desired him to write a copy in the first place. He then construed a page of Virgil very much to

the satisfaction of his master, and as he afterwards went with his young companions to play in the field, he could not help assenting, in his own mind, to the truth of Mr. Benson's remark, and rejoicing that he had taken his advice; for his spirits were considerably raised by the pleasure he felt in the consciousness of having acted right, and given satisfaction to his new instructor.

LEAPING.

"Are you a good leaper, White?" cried George Benson, laying his hand upon his shoulder.

"I hardly know," replied White, "whether I am or no. I believe I can jump tolerably high."

George.—O, if that is all, you are not. Can you jump over that stick now?

White.—No, to be sure I cannot. Do you take me for a harlequin?

George.—A harlequin indeed!—Do you think it requires a harlequin to leap over *that*? Why we have it much higher sometimes; look, I will take it now that it is raised to the top notch.

White.—Dear, I could not go half so high standing, but I think I could go over it by taking a running leap.

George.—Most probably you could; but my father thinks it better to begin by practising a standing jump.

James Benson.—You know, if you take a running leap, you must mea-

sure with your eye from what spot you must rise, so that you may clear the bar, which is apt to take the attention of boys who are not used to it, and by that means they get an awkward manner of leaping. Whereas, if you have been accustomed to take a standing-leap, there is less difficulty, and you easily get the method of regulating your steps, according to the distance you have to run. Now try. Go to a little distance from the bar; just so far as you can take in one jump, with your feet close together. Now spring forward on your toes, and then instantly go over the bar.—O, that is a foul jump!

White.—What do you mean by that?

George.—Your feet touched the bar, and we call it a foul jump every time they do so.

White.—Is there any advantage in taking a jump *before* I try to clear the bar?

James Benson.—Yes, a very great one. It gives a kind of elasticity to your legs, and enables you to rise with greater ease. Now try again, but mind you keep your feet close together.

White.—Oh! what pain it gave me. I feel it all up my legs, quite to my back.

James Benson.—That was because you came upon your heels. A high jump gives one a great shock, if one does not take care to avoid that. You must always remember

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Leaping.

Pub. by Tabart & Co 157 New Bond Street Feb. 4 1805.

to come principally on the balls of your feet, and on your toes.

White.—I will take care not to forget it, for the pain was very great: I feel it still.

James Benson.—It will go off presently. Shall we all play at leaping this morning?

Seymore.—George Benson and I are going into the village, to buy some string for our kite.

James Benson.—Very well, away with you then. Come, White, you take two or three more jumps, and then we will raise the bar, and leap with you.

This plan was agreed to, and when White had practised a little while alone, his companions joined in the exercise. They leaped over the bar

by turns, for several rounds, till White, who was not accustomed to jump for so long a time, was forced to give out. Two of his companions then began practising the leap in length. Little Price continued for some time to jump over the bar, whilst White stood by and looked at him, frequently asking him questions about the best method of taking the different kinds of leaps.

White, who had never jumped higher than a rail, or further than the breadth of a kennel, was astonished to find in how many different ways his new companions used this exercise as an amusement.

Sometimes the game was made to depend on the height of the leap; sometimes, the one who could pass

most ground in a certain number of jumps, was to be the winner; sometimes the one who could continue jumping the longest without stopping; and sometimes with the help of a long pole, they crossed a piece of water, which was no less than ten feet wide.

In learning all these different games, White found sufficient employment for several days, during the hours which were allowed for play. He was naturally active, and a little practice rendered him very expert.

But though Thomas was eager to acquire a knowledge of these games, in which his companions excelled, he was equally industrious in prosecuting his studies. "My

ather told me when we parted, to endeavour to improve, *for his sake,*” was the thought which was continually in his mind, and urged him to constant diligence.

Dr. Benson, pleased with his attention, gave him many marks of his approbation; and in little more than a week, Thomas found himself much happier than at the time of his quitting home he had fancied he ever could be, at a distance from his friends. Those friends were not however forgotten; and one of the first opportunities he wrote the letter to his father, which is contained in the following chapter.

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Swinging.

London, Published by Tabart & Co. July 1804.

CHAP. IV.

THE LETTER.

DEAR FATHER,

As you told me I might write to you soon, I am now going to begin a letter ; I hope you will receive it before you leave England.

You told me, sir, that I should be happy here, and that I should like Doctor Benson ; and I am sure you will be glad to hear that you were not mistaken. I do like him very much indeed ; he is so kind, and so gentle ; and as for George, I quite love him already ; he is as

good-tempered as his father ; and so lively, and sensible too.

I am sure you will be glad to hear that the Doctor does not think me more backward in my education than those boys who are of my own age. I am afraid you will call me very *vain*, but I do not think George Benson seems much forwarder than I am. But, dear Sir, this is not the case at play. Do you know I can hardly play at all, or at least I could not when I came here. But I have made great improvement since then. I have played at trap-ball, and I have learned all the leaping games ; and I can take the leap in height and the leap in length now.

The Doctor has had a swing put

up in the garden, between the two walnut-trees ; and very pleasant we find it, when we have made ourselves warm with leaping, to go under their shade and swing. Mr. Edward Benson was sitting at the parlour window the other morning, and he drew a sketch of the swing, and two or three of us with it ; and as I thought you would like to see it, I have tried to copy it as well as I could ; to send to you. Mr. Edward said, that he meant the one in the swing for me, and the other two for his brothers ; and I think that in his drawing there is some resemblance ; but I am afraid you will not find much in mine.

George Benson is come to tell me, that if I want my letter to go

to-day, I must leave off directly, or it will be too late for the post.; but I cannot finish it, without begging you to write to me very soon, as I do much want to hear from you. Good bye, my dear father, give my love to my mother and sisters, and believe me to be

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

THOMAS WHITE.

FLYING A KITE.

When Thomas and his young companions had finished their usual afternoon's studies, and were again assembled in the field to play, George Benson proposed trying if there was not sufficient wind to fly the new kite, which Seymore and he had

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Flying the Kite.

London, Published by Tabart & Co July 1784.

just finished making. The proposal was unanimously agreed to. Seymore ran in doors to fetch it, and then stood at some distance from the rest of the boys, and held it up as high as he could, till a brisk gale came in the right direction to make it fly. George Benson held the string, and let it go out gradually, as the kite mounted.

“ I do not think we have tail enough, Seymore, cried George Benson, “ it does not rise well.”

Seymore.—Oh! I have got some more to add to it; so if you do not think there is enough at present, we had better tie on this piece, which I have brought out on purpose.

After they had lengthened the tail as much as they thought neces-

sary, they again endeavoured to fly it; but they found that it was still imperfect: it flew in an oblique direction downwards, and frequently it pitched, and turned over and over in the air, instead of flying steadily.

“I will tell you what I think is the fault,” cried White, after having watched it for some time, “Either the tail is too light, or it is not well balanced: suppose we were to try whether a little bunch of grass tied to the end of the tail, and, if it still flies obliquely; whether putting on tassels to the corners would not improve it? The kite that my uncle gave me did just so at first, and a long time it was before I could discover the cause; but at

last, by trying different experiments, I found out that one side was rather heavier than the other. I remembered having once seen a kite with wings; so I made tassels of paper, cut into slips, one of them, a good deal heavier than the other, and fastened them to each corner; and then it flew delightfully."

This scheme met with universal approbation, and was immediately tried; and, with the addition of a tuft of grass to the tail, the success was equal to the wishes of the young party.

No sooner had Seymore let it go, than it mounted rapidly, and continued so steady, that the boys could hardly discern any motion that it had. They all sat down together,

on the grass, and amused themselves for a long time in watching it, and in holding the string alternately.

“Are there any particular rules to be observed in making a kite?” enquired White.

George Benson.—Principally to be careful to make it even, and balance it well. The bow, you know, must be exactly the same length as the back-bone.

Seymore.—I have heard of people flying kites in the dark, with a lantern suspended to the tail. Don’t you think it must have a very pretty effect?

White.—It would look like a star, I think.

George Benson.—How droll it would be if an astronomer were to

be gazing at the heavens just at the time! He would think he had made a discovery, and would set all the world to work, to hunt after the new star. I wonder whether we might send up the little lanthorn, with a light in it to-night. Do you think, James, my father would have any objection?

James Benson.—Yes, indeed I do, for it must be a dangerous experiment.

George.—Why so? What harm do you think it could do?

James Benson.—A great deal possibly; suppose it was to alight upon a corn-stack, or hay-rick, it might set them on fire.

George.—Very true; so we will

not make the experiment, for fear it should.

Jackson.—But we may send up a messenger, that will do no mischief.

White.—What do you mean by a messenger?

Jackson.—A round piece of paper, with a hole cut in the middle, which we put upon the string, and the wind will carry it up to the kite.

George Benson.—Here, I have cut the paper into the shape of a man; let us try if that will not go up as well.

James Benson.—Yes, I dare say it will; but we must put off his journey, for the bell rings. So you must pull in the kite, George.

CHAP. V.

SEE - SAW.

On coming out of the study a few days after, when the business of the morning was concluded, Thomas was delighted to find a letter from his little sister, Sophia; and as I think it possible that it may afford some amusement to my young readers, I will insert it for their perusal.

Clapham Common.

MY DEAR TOM,

You know I promised I would writetoyou; andyousaid you should

like to receive a letter, so now I am going to set about it, and I intend it should be a very long one. I shall write as much as I can every day till it is finished. We were all greatly pleased with your letter to papa. What a pretty picture of the swing you sent him! If I could draw as well as you I would send you a great number. But, my dear Tom, though I cannot draw myself, I can enclose you a picture of what we play at, and Jane is going to send you one too. I will tell you how we got them. The other day we all went to dine at my uncle's; they have got a see-saw put up in the garden. My cousins, and Jane and I, were riding upon it almost all day. You cannot think how delightful it is. I will tell

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See-also.

London, Published by Tobart & Co July 23-1804.

you how it is made : There are two strong posts driven into the ground, and a notch cut in the top of each of them ; then there is a round bar fastened from one to the other, and a long plank is laid across that. We sit, one at each end, and go first up and then down, so charmingly. But I don't know why I need describe it to you, as I am going to send you a drawing of it. O, but I have not yet told you how we got these pictures : Mamma and sister Mary staid there all night, that they might go with my aunt on a visit the next evening, but Fanny came home with Jane and me, for you know how very kind she is. The next day she played with us a great deal, till she was tired of running about ; and then she said

she would draw each of us a picture, and she let us choose what the subject of it should be. I recollected the pretty picture of the swing you sent papa, so I begged her to draw my aunt's see-saw, and all of us playing about it. At first she thought she could not do it, for that it was very difficult; however, she went to look at those pictures of children at play, which hang up in the dressing-room, and we persuaded her to take her pencil; so she sketched for a little while, and at last drew this pretty picture, which I send you.

BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF.

When Mary came home she liked it very much, and Fanny told her she

had better draw one for its companion. She was so kind as to say she would, and Jane was to choose what it should be. She fixed upon blind-man's-buff: for we had had a fine game in the evening, when we were at my uncle's. I was blindfolded a long time; for I could not catch any of them, and yet they tickled me, and pulled my hair, and touched me very often; but when I put out my hand to catch hold of them, they were gone to another place. At last, though, I did get my cousin Susan, but before she had caught any body, we were obliged to leave off, to go home.

Jane desires her love to you, and she hopes you will like the pictures. I am sure you will, as they are my

sister's drawings; but, remember, they are *our* presents.

Perhaps when you have time you will make some drawings, and send to us: we shall value them very much. I am sure, however, I deserve a *letter* for having written such a long one; I have been four days about it, and am now quite tired, so I will immediately subscribe myself,

Your truly affectionate sister,

SOPHIA WHITE.

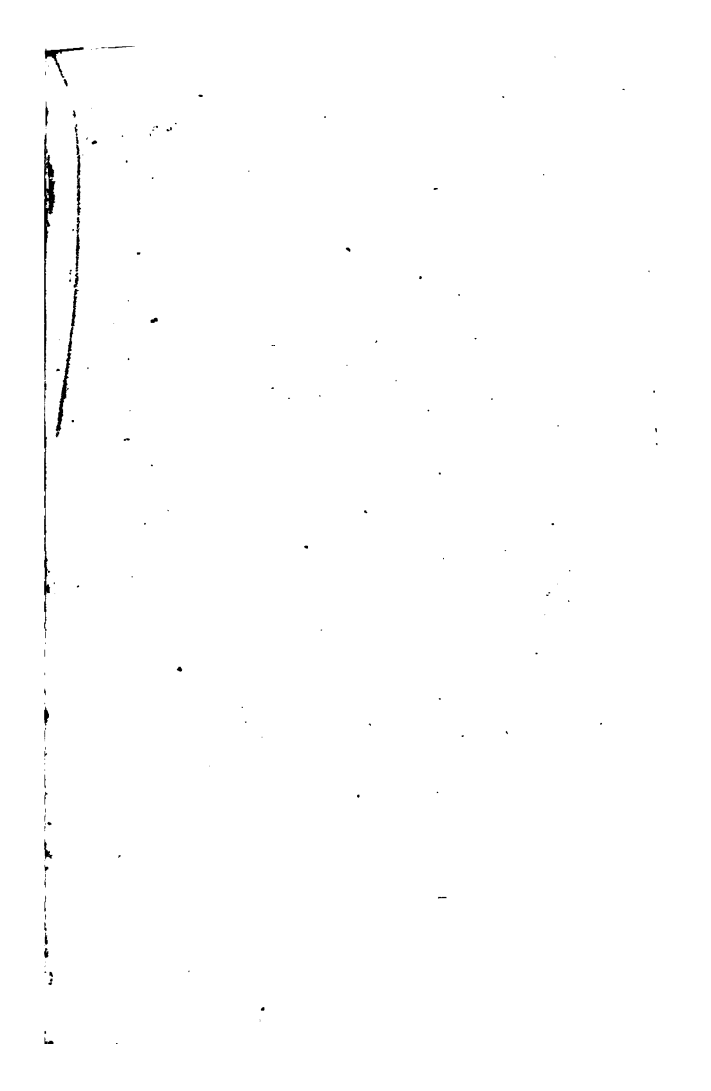
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Blindman's Buff.

Published by Tabart & Co. 137. New Bond Street.





Bathing.

Published by Tabart & Co. 157, New Bond Street.

CHAP. VI.

BATHING.

THOMAS had just finished reading the long letter contained in the last chapter when George Benson ran into the room ; " O White ! " cried he, " joy, joy ! My father says we may have a swim, and that, if you like it, you may go too ! He is going to read in the summer-house, at the bottom of the garden, and you know that is but a little way from the river, so that he will be within call if we want him. Come, have you not finished reading your letter yet ? "

Seymore.—I am ready to go with you, but I must not bathe, for I have made myself warm with running about.

Thomas accompanied his young companions to the river side; and George Benson undressed and jumped into the water. "Now, White," said he, "are you ready? Come, jump in, my boy. It is delightfully pleasant."

White.—I thought you said it was not deep; it comes up to your breast.

George.—Pho, pho, never mind that, your feet can touch the bottom, and I will take care of you.

White.—O, I am not afraid, "Do you think it quite safe, Seymore?" said he, as he retreated a little way back, after he had gone to the edge with an intention of going in.

“ Yes, yes, it is safe enough,” replied Seymore. “ I learned myself to swim in this very spot.”

“ Then I will go,” cried White, and he immediately jumped in. The first few moments he felt a degree of fear ; but, as he was sure that his companions would not lead him into danger, he soon assumed more confidence, and thought that the water was indeed as George had told him, delightfully pleasant.

“ Now, look at me,” said George, “ you see that the water bears me gently off my feet. Then I spread my arms, and strike, thus—

White.—But I could not do so; if I go to lift up my feet I feel that I am sinking instantly.

George.—O, you need not fear

that you will sink ; you may trust to the water to bear you up, and if you should get your head popped under, you must not mind that. I know when I first learned to swim, my father and brother used to make me keep my head under water as long as I could, and try to dive.

White.—Now shew me exactly how to strike.

George.—You should put the finger and thumb of each hand close together. So as this I mean, the fingers straight out, and the thumb by the side of them. When you begin the stroke, bend your elbows, and bring your hands close together. You may make them touch if you like it. Then move them forward horizontally, just below the surface of the

water, till they are as nearly as possible in a straight line with your body. You must then turn your hands edgewise, with your thumb downwards, and your fingers rather bent, so as to form a small hollow; and, in this manner, you should move them in a curve, first outwards and then backwards. Now, do you understand?

White.—I think I do. But you moved your feet as well as your hands when you swam just now.

George.—I was going to tell you that :—when you push your hands forwards, you are to draw your feet upwards, and you should move your feet outwards and backwards at the same time that you do your hands, letting their soles push through the water as the palms of your hands

do, till your legs are brought close together as they set out ; and then the stroke is finished.

White.—Well, I declare this is a long lesson to learn. Let me see if I know it perfectly. I am to begin and finish each stroke with my hands together and my legs straight. When I push my hands forwards, I am to draw my feet upwards, and when I strike my hands outwards, my feet are to go in the same direction.

George.—Yes, yes, you have got the theory pretty perfect. But let us see how well you will put it in practice. Do not be afraid. I have heard that Dr. Franklin used to say, that to be persuaded that you can swim, is almost all that is necessary to be able to do it.

White.—Well, then, I will be very courageous. Now I am going to try.

Thomas made several attempts without success. The moment he took his feet off the ground, his head popped under water. At last he managed to swim about a couple of yards: "There!" cried he, exultingly, "was not that capital, George?" "Very famous, indeed," cried George, laughing; "but come a little way from the land, and then try to swim ashore; that is the best way of learning. Now mind you strike regularly; your hands and feet moving at the same time, and not too fast.

At first Thomas began by only going a very few feet from the land, but when he found that he could

manage a small distance, he tried a greater and a greater, till before he left off he had ventured four or five yards from the edge of the water, and swam that distance several times without letting his head go under.

He had not been in the water above ten minutes when Dr. Benson came to them, and after looking at Thomas, and congratulating him on his success, desired that he would not stay any longer in the water. "You shall go in another day, if you please," said he, "but it is dangerous to remain in too long at once, especially as you are not used to it. In a few more lessons, I dare say you will swim bravely; but come out now and rub yourself quite dry, and dress yourself as quickly as you can."

CHAP. VII.

A Holiday.

DR. BENSON one morning when he dismissed his young pupils from his study, told them that as they had all been very good for some time, he would give them a holiday in the afternoon; and that as soon as dinner was over they might go out for a walk, or amuse themselves in any way they liked best. Delighted with this kind indulgence of their master, they did not wait till they had got into the field before they began to lay out plans for their afternoon's amusement.

James Benson determined to finish a little view he had begun some time before, and Price begged he might go with him. Jackson and Seymore agreed to go to a camp which was at some distance ; and George Benson proposed to White to take a walk to Melford-park, which was beautifully situated about five miles from the rectory. Dinner was no sooner finished, than they all set out to put their respective plans in execution. After a most delightful walk, George and White arrived at the seat of Lord Melford, and they passed some time in admiring the beauties of a spot which White thought the most delightful he had ever seen. As they were standing at a gate which looked into the private part of the garden,

they were perceived by Lord Melford, who very kindly accosted them. On enquiring their names, and finding that one of them was the son of Dr. Benson, with whom he was slightly acquainted, he very politely asked them to walk in. "You will find a large party in the lawn," said he, as he opened the gate: "My youngest son completes his thirteenth year to-day, and he has assembled all his young acquaintance to celebrate his birthday. I left them very busy just now, preparing to display their abilities as marksmen. My son William is a great archer, and he and some of his young companions are to try their skill this afternoon, and shoot for prizes."

“Here, William,” said he, as they reached the place where the young people were assembled, “I have brought you an addition to your party. This young man is one of Dr. Benson’s sons, and *this* is one of his pupils. I was so fortunate as to fall in with them just now at the garden gate, and I have persuaded them to join you.”

ARCHERY.

The party assembled on the lawn consisted of a number of young folks, who were most of them the children of those gentlemen who resided in the neighbourhood. Twelve lads were dressed in an uniform of dark green, with nankeen waistcoats

and pantaloons, brown hats, with gold bands, looped up in front, and a dark green feather.

At one end of the lawn the target was erected. A queen Elizabeth's half-crown and a shilling of Edward VI. were the prizes which were to be obtained, by the two boys who should send an arrow nearest the black spot in the middle of the target, which they distinguished by the name of the bull's-eye.

White and Benson were very kindly received by William Melford, and introduced by him to some of his young companions, with several of whom George was acquainted; and he could not help feeling much pleased with this unexpected meeting.

But the attention of the company was soon called by the sound of a bugle horn. The young archers immediately prepared for the contest; and drew lots to determine the order in which they should make this trial of their skill. Each candidate was allowed three arrows, marked with the initials of his name. The first lot was drawn by a lad of the name of Gregory. Delighted with the honour, he told his companions that it was an earnest of his future good fortune, and that he made no sort of doubt of obtaining a prize. In this, however, he was disappointed; his first arrow went much too high; the second glanced by the edge of the target without hitting it. The third trial he put an arrow

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in, but it was in the very outside circle. After the rest of the competitors had each shot their settled number of arrows, the target was examined. One arrow had pierced the bull's eye; one was in the inner circle; and several more were at a greater distance from the centre.

Lord Melford drew out the one which was entitled to the first prize. "A. G." said he, as he examined it. "Alfred Godard, this arrow is yours, and consequently this coin," continued he, as he presented him with the half-crown.

W. M. were the letters marked on the arrow which was nearest to the centre. William Melford claimed it, and the second prize was therefore adjudged to him.

It is proper here to remark, that Lord Melford would not suffer any of the young gentlemen to stand near the target; but to remain at the spot from which they were to shoot, lest some accident should happen; for archery is a very dangerous exercise where care is not taken; though a very useful and pleasing one, when properly managed.

CHAP. VIII.

HUNT THE SLIPPER.

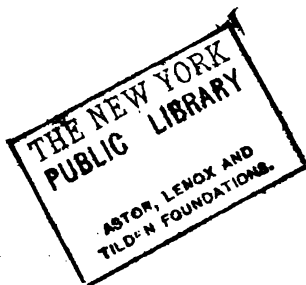
THE business of settling the prizes being completed, the young folks began to disperse, and form themselves into separate parties. Godard joined George Benson and White; and after expressing himself greatly pleased with this unexpected meeting, began making many enquiries respecting his old friend James, and many of his former acquaintances.

It may be necessary to inform my readers, that this young lad was the only son of a gentleman who resided

for many years at Kingston, but who had been some time before obliged, on account of his business, to remove nearer to London ; and he had then placed his son, who had till that period been a constant and favourite companion of the young Bensons, at Westminster-school.

It was there that he had formed an acquaintance with William Melford, who had invited him to pass part of the holidays at his father's seat in Sussex. He had arrived there only two days before, and he assured George that he had, in his own mind, determined to pay a visit to the rectory the next day.

"I need not tell you," said George, "how cordially you will be welcomed there. James, I assure you, often





Hunt the Slipper.

Published by Tabart & Co. 157 New Bond Street

talks of you, and he will be particularly rejoiced to see you again."

Godard.—And I am sure I shall be very happy to see him. Indeed, if I could have left William, my inclination would have brought me over before this time; for I long to visit my old friends, and to see again the spot where we have passed so many happy hours together. Does every thing look much as when I left it, George?

George.—At the rectory there have been scarcely any alterations; even the old summer-house, where we used sometimes to learn our lessons, is still standing, but my father generally keeps it locked up, and makes a sort of summer study

of it. *Your* old house is very much altered.

Godard.—I heard that Mr. Sutton had been improving the place very much ; but to say the truth, I think that was impossible.

George.—It was a nice house to be sure. But, Alfred, don't you remember the play-room there ?

Godard.—Remember it ! Yes, that I shall the longest day I have to live ; but what of that, I hope that is not altered ?

George.—It is pulled down, and a green-house built in its stead.

Godard.—Is it really ? Dear, George, what a pity ! Our nice favourite room. What charming games of play we used to have in it.

nuch
Sut-
place,
uth,
George.—We had indeed. Do you not recollect our Christmas gambols there, when your sister and cousins were of our party, and we played at Hunt the Slipper, and I know not what beside?

ie to
you
Yes,
ave
ope
nd
Godard.—Yes, that I do; and so does my sister too. It was but the other day she shewed me a book called the Pleasures of Memory, and asked me what that recalled to my mind. There is a picture of a whole tribe of children at play at that very game.

ar,
a-
es
“ 'Twas there we chas'd the slipper by its sound.”

George.—O how strongly I have it in my mind. I can fancy I now see your sweet little Anna standing in the middle of the ring, and turning

round and round, 'as she heard a knock, which she fancied was made by the shoe, and lisping out, "Ah, you have got it now, George!" whilst it had, perhaps, travelled half round the ring without her seeing it.

Godard.—Those were happy times, indeed, George. I have often, in the course of the last four years, thought of them with pleasure, and with sorrow too, to think that they were gone.

White.—Pray, how do you like Westminster-school?

Godard.—Pretty well *now*. At first I cannot say I enjoyed it much; I was fag for some months to a very cruel master; but when he left the school, I got one that was good-

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Whip Top.

London. Published by Tabart & Co. Nov. 1844.

tempered enough, and since that time I have been very comfortable.

White.—Have you as many different games there as at Dr. Benson's? I never heard of so many any where else.

Godard.—No, I cannot say we have. One reason may be, that we have not so good a play-ground. The cloisters, which is a paved covered walk, near the school, is an excellent place for tops.

WHIPPING-TOP.

Do you like whipping a Top, George? It is not one of the games I recollect playing at with you. The first winter I was at Westmin-

ster, it was quite the rage. **We** hardly played at any thing else.

George.—It has never been one **of** our games, but if I do not forget, **I** will introduce it next winter.

White.—Pray do not you **twist** the lash round the top, when you begin to spin it?

Godard.—You may, if you please ; but I think the most common method is, to put the top in motion first with the hands, by giving it a twirl between them, as you put it on the ground. You may put the whip under your arm, if you like it, and then it is ready the moment the top is out of your hands.

White.—Is there much art in whipping a top?

Godard.—It requires a little practice as well as any thing else, to be expert at it ; but the principal art consists in being careful to make all your strokes *tell*. That is, I mean not miss striking the top on its side, or to hit it on the head. Sometimes when two boys play together, they use only one top, and try to drive it contrary ways. You know a paved place is best for this game, so they fix upon one smooth flag stone to begin upon, and on the same spot, if they are good players, they will keep the top spinning for a long while ; for as one strikes it a stroke on one side, his adversary gives it one on the other, and so they keep on till one or other wins the game, by causing it to pass a line, at a certain dis-

tance, on his side of the spot where they began.

George.—Well, we will certainly get some tops next winter. Your description almost makes me long to try what I could do with a whipping top.

A summons to tea put a stop to this conversation, and Benson and his friends, who had for some time been walking arm in arm, up and down a nice shady walk, joined the rest of the young party in the drawing-room, where they passed the time very merrily, till the clock, striking seven, reminded George that it was time to return. After politely thanking Lord Melford for the entertainment he had afforded them, and obtaining a promise that Wil-

liam should accompany his friend Godard, in his intended visit to the rectory, Benson and White took leave of their young acquaintance, and set forward on their walk homeward, greatly delighted with their evening's amusement.

CHAP. IX.

SHUTTLECOCK, &c.

THOMAS WHITE had of late found his time so much occupied, that he had delayed from day to day replying to his sister's letter. Each morning he had designed writing to her, but something in the course of the day occurred, to induce him to defer it till another opportunity, and he continued still in her debt, when he received another letter from her, in which she complained of his silence, and begged him to write to her very soon.

"I am sure," said she, "in one part of it, "you cannot be so long without writing for want of something to say; for you must have a great deal to tell me. One thing I wish you would write about is, what you play at. You said, in one of your letters to papa, that you had a great many games, and I should much like to learn some of them. Jane and I want some new games."

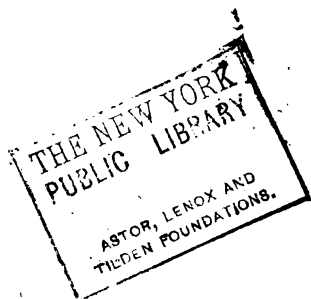
Thomas felt ashamed as he perused his sister's letter, that he had given her cause to complain of him, and taking up his pen, declared he would not go to play till he had written to her. He kept his resolution, and refused joining the whole party, in a game at fives, till he had finished his letter, and car-

ried it to the post.—The letter was as follows :

WRITE to you, Sophy? Yes, to-day, I will,
If it will please you, try this sheet to fill ;
Tho' I assure you, I have nought to tell,
Which half a page could not contain as well,
You bid me write about some fav'rite sport,
And quite forgot description's not my forte.
Besides, our boyish sports were ne'er design'd
T' afford amusement to a female mind.

Cricket and trap-ball are not games for you ;
Then pray, dear Sophy, other sports pursue.
And if you do not wish to spoil your frocks,
Rumple, and discompose your curling locks,
Your pretty tippets, and your laces tear,
Of school-boy's sports I warn you to beware.

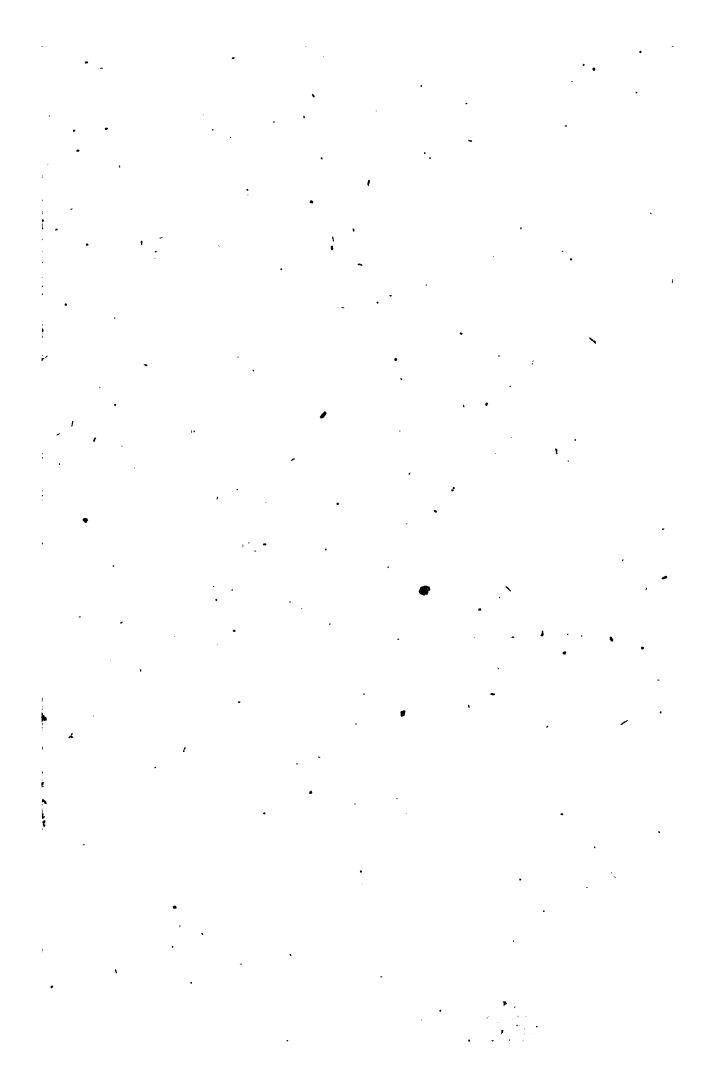
“ What shall I do then ? ” I hear Sophy ask,
“ I cannot always work or learn my task ;
For, tho' I love both work and reading too,
I want sometimes to play as well as you.
I ask'd you, Tom, to teach me some new game,
Nor did I think that you the wish would
blame.”





Shuttlecock.

London, Published by Tabart & Co July 23-1804.





Game at Ball.

Published by T. Hart & Co. 157, New Bond Street.

Shuttlecock.—Game at Ball. 93

Nor do I blame you : tho' I can't agree
That such rough sports are fitted, love, for thee.
But I forbid *all* plays, my Sophy fears—
Many there are well suited to your years.
Is your lov'd child discarded from your arms ?
And has your baby-house now lost its charms,
That you should wish our sex's sports to join,
And quit those pastimes well becoming thine ?
If exercise sometimes you wish to take,
I fain would recommend the hoe and rake ;
And when wet weather keeps you within doors
You can amuse yourself with Battledoors.
Don't you remember how my sisters play'd
With Shuttlecocks, of smoothest feathers made ?
Methinks I see them now, with eager eyes,
Watching its motions as it circling flies ;
Ready to strike it with judicious art,
Standing more close, and now, more wide apart.
And let me also your attention call
To an old sport, the well known Game at Ball ;
Which, e'en alone, may be enjoy'd, with ease,
Or with as many comrades as you please.
Dear Jane and you may try your skill together,
In-doors, if wet ; abroad, if fair the weather.

94 *Shuttlecock.—Game at Ball.*

Besides, to vary the amusement more,
Instead of two balls, sometimes play with four.
'Twas thus I lately saw two girls engage,
Who might, perhaps, be nearly Fanny's age :
Alternate in the air they toss their balls,
And one is thrown before the other falls.
And now, dear Soph, I think you've had enough
Of my poor, stupid, wretched, rhiming stuff ;
So I, at present, nothing more will write,
Than to subscribe myself your own,

TOM WHITE.

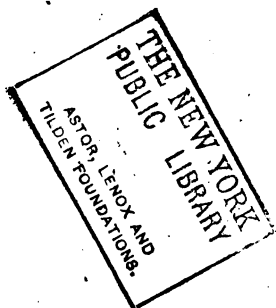
CHAP. X.

TRUNDLE-HOOP.

WHEN Dr. Benson understood that Alfred Godard was staying in the neighbourhood, he took a ride the next morning to Melford-park, and he obtained his Lordship's permission for the two young men to pass the following Thursday at the rectory. When the boys were going out of school, on the Wednesday morning, he called them back, and informed them of the engagement he had made for the ensuing day, adding, that as he supposed they

would all like to enjoy the company of their visitors, he advised them to get as much of their exercises done that day as they could.

"You may all," said he, "learn your lessons, and get forward, so as to finish business early to-morrow. I expect your young friends about ten o'clock. I will allow you two hours' holiday; and, I think, if you are diligent to-day, and rise a little earlier than usual to-morrow morning, you may have finished by that time."—"We will come and learn them directly then, sir," said some of the boys. "No, not directly," replied the Doctor, "you have been sitting long enough at one time. Go into the field and





Travelling the Hoop.

London, Published by Tabart & Co. July 23-1864.

take a little exercise, and *then* you may come in, and work as hard as you please."

The young Bensons were both of them so eager to enjoy all that they could of their friends' company, that they attended very diligently almost the whole day to their studies; and before they went to bed, had learned all the lessons they had to say by heart, and had composed their Latin themes. They both of them rose some time before five the next morning; and were so industrious, that their allotted exercises were completed before their young companions arrived. Dr. Benson permitted them to go part of the way to meet them, giving them, at the same time, the praises their dili-

gence and attention deserved. It was some time before any of the other boys were dismissed; for, as they had less acquaintance with Godard or Melford than the young Bensons, they had not found the inducement to get forward with their studies equally strong.

When Godard arrived, he was accompanied by his two friends, in a visit he wished to pay to the house where his father formerly lived; and though he could not help regretting that his favourite play-room was destroyed, by being added to the green-house, yet he admired some of the improvements which Mr. Sutton had made. When he returned to the rectory, he visited, with the greatest pleasure, every well-known

and favourite spot, and every step he took presented him with some object which recalled former pleasures to his remembrance. The wall where he used to play at fives, and along which the chalk-line, which is necessary in that game, still run; the trees on which he had carved his name; the little stream where he had so often bathed, were all objects which he contemplated with delight.

“How many pleasant games we have had in this field!” said he, as he entered it. “I declare the sight of it almost makes me long for one now.”

James Benson.—Does it! Well, then, you shall have one. What shall it be?

Godard.—Cricket was always my

favourite, and we are so confined for room at Westminster, that we cannot get a game, unless we go into the fields to play; and it is not *often* we can do that.

James Benson.—We will have a game as soon as all the boys are come out of the study; and I suppose it will not be long first, for I saw one or two of them just now.

Godard.—How do you think William and I amuse ourselves every morning? We get up early, and we do not breakfast till nine o'clock.

George.—I should not suppose you need be much at a loss, especially in such a sweet spot as Melford-park.

Melford.—We have got a couple of fine large Hoops, and we trundle

them; and hungry enough we make ourselves before breakfast is ready.

Godard.—And hot enough too, I assure you. You cannot think what nice large ones they are. And we drive them up and down the gardens, and in the serpentine walks, and turn and twist them about, and chase one another. Oh, we are famous horsemen, I assure you.

CHAP. XI.

CRICKET.

By about twelve o'clock they were joined by the rest of their companions, who had finished their several appointed employments. The party immediately began to prepare for a game at Cricket. Three good strong sticks, of about two feet in length, were driven into the ground, at about four inches asunder. In the top of each was cut a little notch, and a small piece of wood was laid across from one to the other. The upright sticks were distinguished by the name of the *stumps*, the cross

one by that of the *bail*. This wicket, for that was the name by which they called it, was placed about the middle of the field. The players divided themselves into two parties, and tossed up, as in many other games, for first innings. One of the party who was out, bowled the ball from the distance of about thirty yards, towards the wicket, which it was the business of the bat's-man to defend. If he was fortunate enough to give it a good stroke, he immediately set off to run, as far as the line at thirty yards distance, where the opposite party stood when they bowled; and if he could touch it with his bat, and get home to the wicket before one of the adverse party had knocked off the bail with the ball, he reckoned

one. If the ball had been struck to such a distance, that he thought he should have time for a second run, he might go again ; and he reckoned as many notches as he took runs to the appointed place and back again, during the time that he remained *in*; but if his adversary struck off the bail, either in bowling or while he was running, or caught the ball, when he had struck it, before it touched the ground, he was out, and was obliged to resign the bat to one of his own party, till they each had their innings, and then the opposite party came in.

The bat's-man was the only *player* of the party, who was *in*, who was engaged ; but all of the other party were employed—one in bowling, and

the others in trying to stop or catch the ball when struck, and endeavouring to knock off the bail with the ball, whilst the bat's-man was running; and those who were thus engaged, were called the *seekers out*. When all the players had had two innings a-piece, the game was finished, and that party was winner which had gained most notches.

“Well,” said Godard, as he took up his coat, which in the heat of the game he had thrown off; and which had been held by one of the little boys, at a short distance behind the wicket; “we have had a charming game, to be sure; but it is not to be compared to double-wicket.”

White.—What do you mean by

double-wicket? Is there any other way of playing at cricket than this?

Godard.—O yes; this is a poor game in comparison of that. At Westminster, we sometimes have very fine matches, when we go out into the fields. At the true game of cricket there must always be eleven players on each side; and there must be two wickets, thirty yards asunder. There are, of course, two bat's-men, and instead of running as we do, in such a game as we have just played, thirty yards, and back again, they reckon *one notch* every time they reach the opposite wicket:

George.—Do you not sometimes play *tip-a-runner*, as it is called?

Godard.—Not in good games.

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that
Sometimes the little boys do, when they play in the yard.

poor
At
White.—I do not understand the expression. Pray, what does it mean?

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Godard.—That if the bat's-man strikes the ball ever so little, he shall be *forced* to run.

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White.—When you play these capital games, is the bat's-man obliged to stand the distance of a bat's length and a half from the wicket?

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Godard.—He may stand closer, if he pleases, but it would be silly in him to do that, as he would run the risk of hitting his own wicket; but he may not go further from it.

Melford.—There was once a famous cricket match, part of which

I saw. It was between the best players of two counties. The Middlesex men against the Kentish. It lasted nearly two whole days, and the parties were so well matched, that the game was won by the difference of only two notches.

James Benson.—It certainly is a noble game; but we must go in doors now, if you please, for dinner is ready.

CHAP. XII.

LEAP - FROG.

WHEN dinner was over, and the young party again returned to the field, Godard entertained his two friends with a description of his employments and his amusements at Westminster; and Melford entered into conversation with the rest of the boys. After having walked about for some time, engaged in sober chat, the two Bensons and their friend were joined by the other party. "I have been asking these young men," said William Melford, "about your usual sports; and I find

that Leap-frog is not among the number." "We leap in a great variety of ways," replied James Benson; "in height, in length, with a pole, and without one."

Melford.—But leap-frog beats all those hollow; especially if you have a large party.

George Benson.—Let us play at it now, if you have no objection. How is it you set about it?

Melford.—We must all stand in a straight line, one before another, and leave a small space between the players. Each one must place his hands upon his knees, and stand in this kind of position. The hindermost one must leap over, first the boy next him, and then all the others in turn, and when he comes to the

end of the line; he must place himself in the proper position, for the other boys to leap over him. As soon as he has passed two or three, the one who stands first in the line follows his example, and leaps over all his companions successively, even the one who began, and then stoops in readiness to let the next in order go over him.

George Benson.—O that must be very entertaining indeed. We are all tolerably good leapers, and I dare say we could do it.

Godard.—I advise you to pull off your coats though, for I can assure you it is warm work.

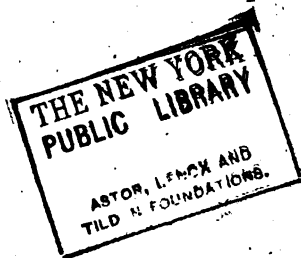
George.—Mine is off. How did you say I was to put my hands Melford?

Melford.—So as this. You must place your thumbs on the inside of your knees, keep your elbows quite straight, and let your chin rest firmly on your breast.

James Benson.—How great a distance is there to be between each boy?

Godard.—If the players are very expert, one pace is sufficient; but I think we had better begin with about a dozen yards. Now then, stoop down, boys, and mind you do not lift up your heads till it comes to your turn to be leaper, or you may chance to get an ugly blow yourselves, and perhaps hurt the boy who is going over you. Who will be frog first?

George.—Let me, if you please. Here, James, I am to leap over you





Leap Frog.

London. Published by Tabart & Co. Nov. 1800.

first, and as soon as I have passed Jackson-you are to begin.

Godard.—Softly, softly; you don't know how to take the leap, do you? You must give a little spring first, then put your two hands upon his shoulders, and take care to clear him neatly.

George.—O yes, I know that. Here I go my boys! Huzza!

When George had got to the end of the line, he stooped down as he had been directed, till all his companions had leaped over him, and it was then his turn to begin again. Delighted with this new game, the young party pursued it for a little time with the greatest vigour; but the exertion was so great, that some of them soon began to flag, and they

were obliged to drop off one by one, to take a little rest. As they walked together to a bench, where they were going to sit down to cool themselves, they all agreed that it was a game better adapted to winter than summer, and they resolved to let leap-frog be one of their daily sports when the weather became cold.

CHAP. XIII.

A Disappointment.—An unexpected Pleasure.—Rocking-horse.

THE time of Dr. Benson's vacation was now arrived, and every young face was animated with a smile of delight, at the near prospect of revisiting their friends. The affectionate disposition of Thomas White had made him particularly regret the necessity for separation: and he had anticipated the approaching meeting with peculiar pleasure. For some weeks he had been counting the days, and calculating the hours that were to be passed before he again saw his mo-

ther and sisters. The last notch of the stick, in which he had, some time before, made as many as there were days before the holidays, was cut off, and the next day was the long desired 21st of August.

His only regret at leaving Kingston, was on account of his friend George, who would, he feared, find the holidays rather tedious, as he was to be left alone; for James was going to accompany his brother Edward to Oxford, on a visit to some of the college friends of the latter.

White had just been promising George that he would send for him, to come and pass part of the time with him, at Clapham, if he could obtain his mother's permission,

when he received a summons to the parlour.

“ My dear boy,” said Dr. Benson, as he entered the room, “ I have just received a letter from your mother, for the contents of which am very sorry, as I am afraid they will sadly disappoint you.” Thomas eagerly enquired what was the matter? and whether his mother was ill? “ No, my dear,” replied the Doctor, “ she is not ill; but she is obliged to go into Yorkshire, to visit a relation who is very bad, and who has sent for her; and, as she takes your eldest sister with her, and the rest are to be dispersed about among their friends, there will be nobody at home to receive you; and she thinks it best for you

to continue here. She hopes, she says, that her dear boy will support this little trial as he ought to do. She would have written to you, but was so much hurried that she had not one moment to spare ; however, here is the letter, you may read it yourself. I am heartily sorry for you ; but let us see how well you will support an unavoidable disappointment. You may be sure we shall do all in our power to make you comfortable ; and though I don't wonder you should feel very sorry not to see your friends, yet, I hope, if you are a good boy, you will not find your holidays pass unpleasantly."

Thomas answered his kind master by a bow, for his heart was too full

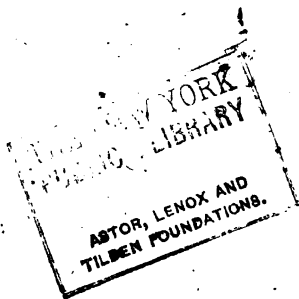
to speak; and, with a deep sigh, left the room. For a few minutes he gave way to his grief; but, sensible that his disappointment, however severe, was (as Dr. Benson had told him) unavoidable, he soon dried his eyes, and tried to compose himself; and he succeeded, as will always be the case, if the attempt is seriously made, and from a good motive. He certainly had lost that gaiety with which the near prospect of seeing his friends had inspired him, but he behaved with very great propriety, and with silent composure watched the coach in which he was to have gone, as it drove away with his companions.

Dr. Benson saw with pleasure, and applauded his exertions; and,

patting his cheek, told him he was a good boy ; and permitted him to take from his library, any book which he chose to amuse himself with. Thomas fixed upon a large volume of Natural History, in which there were a great many plates of birds, beasts, fishes, and insects, and in reading their several descriptions, George and himself passed a good deal of time very pleasantly.

It was about a week after the day when Thomas had expected to return home, that he received a letter from his uncle Fielding, inviting him to pass the remainder of the vacation at his house.

Dr. Benson readily permitted him to accept the invitation ; and as he





Rocking Horse.

London, Published by Tabart & Co July 13-1804.

himself was called by business to London, he proposed taking his son George with him; and as Thornberry, which was the name of the place where Mr. Fielding resided, was not much out of his way, he agreed to carry Thomas there in his chaise.

The family of Mr. Fielding consisted of three sons and five daughters, who were all educated at home, except the two eldest boys, who went to an excellent day-school in the neighbourhood.

When the travellers arrived at Thornberry, they found, in the parlour, with their mamma, two of the little girls, and a fine boy of about five years old.

When the first civilities of meet-

ing were over, Mrs. Fielding, who very cordially welcomed her nephew, introduced him to her children.

As soon as his mother had ceased speaking, "Am not I very much grown, cousin Tom?" cried little Charles. "I am almost a man now. Don't you see I have got trowsers? I had only baby's petticoats when you saw me last; but I am a great boy now."

"A great boy indeed," replied Thomas. "Are you too big to be kissed, Charles?"

"O, no, no," said Charles, "you may kiss me as much as you please, and I will kiss you too; but I wish you would first come and see my rocking horse. I have got such a

fine one ! It is almost new, and has got such pretty spots upon it, and a fine long tail, and a flowing mane, and a saddle, and stirrups, and a bridle, and a bit. Will you come and look at it, cousin ?”

“ Suppose,” said his mamma, “ you were to take a ride now. There, go and mount your charger, and get yourself into a full gallop, and by that time, perhaps, T6m will come to you.” “ Very well, mamma” replied he ; but come with me Anne and Susan, and help me up.”

“ What, cannot you mount by yourself ?” enquired Tom.

“ No, not quite,” replied he, “ my legs are not long enough to reach

the stirrup yet, but I hope they soon will be."

"O, he is a very poor horseman, I assure you," said Anne, "for he holds quite tight by the mane, and sometimes by the pommel, and clings so with his feet."

"Yes, that he does," continued Susan, "and he cannot go by himself either; but Anne rocks him, and I hold his whip."

"You will ride better when you have had a little more practice," said his mother, "so I advise you to go and try what you can do now."

"I will, I will, mamma," said he, and away he ran, followed by his two sisters, who very kindly

helped him on, and continued to play with him till Tom went to see him, which he did, accompanied by George Benson, as soon as he had had a little conversation with his aunt.

CHAP. XIV.

PEG-TOP.

As Mr. Fielding had no expectation that Dr. Benson would himself convey his pupil to Thornberry, he had gone to London, on business, the very day that he sent the letter to his nephew, which was contained in the last chapter; and he did not return till after the Doctor and his son had again set forward on their journey.

The party were all sitting round the table, after dinner, when he entered. The younger children ran to him the moment he opened the door,

and shewed their fondness for their kind father, by clinging about him, and by various expressions of joy. Charles, as he tried to climb up his father's neck, began telling him how much he was improved in horsemanship.

Little Betsy, his youngest child, informed him, "That poor puss had got a new kitten;" Susan, "that she had finished her doll's frock;" and Anne, "that her lupins were in blossom." "But whom have we here?" said Mr. Fielding, as he tried to disengage himself from the caresses of his children. "I did not leave four sons behind me." "But you left three sons, and you expected to find a nephew, papa," said Charles,

“And you cannot think what a kind one he is; he has been carrying me pick-a-back all about the garden.”

“Then do you get out of my arms, you little chatter-box, and let me have some talk with him.—
My dear Tom,” continued he, “I am heartily glad to see you. These little tiresome brats will hardly give me time to speak to any body.”

After some conversation had passed between Mr. Fielding and his family, he enquired of his nephew, “whether he could play at peg-top, and on hearing that he could, he sent little Charles to fetch his great coat; and feeling in one of its pockets, he pulled out a parcel, in which were three very nice ones.—

"There," said he, "I have bought you three great boys a peg-top a-piece, and you may, if you please, go and try their merits on that piece of pavement, in front of Mr. Margisson's house; and here is two-penny worth of whip-cord, which I think you may very well divide into three, and it will make each of you a string." "Thank you, sir, thank you, sir," was repeated with great glee by all the boys, as they ran out of the room, to go and make trial of their presents. "We *had* peg-tops before," said Sam Fielding, "and I think we may as well take them with us, though to be sure, they are not near so good as these new ones." When they ar-

rived at the paved place, where they were to have their intended game; they divided their whip-cord, and began immediately to twist it round their tops. And they found with great pleasure, that they were all very good ones. "Only look what a charming top mine is," said Arthur. "Did you ever see one *sleep* more soundly? There, I have got it in my hand now, and it spins so light."

I am sure when my young readers see this picture of the three boys so happily at play together, they will long to be able to do so too: and as it is possible that they may either be able to purchase tops for themselves, or some kind friend may, per-

haps, be so good as to supply them, I will endeavour to give them the rules of peg-top, that they may be able to spin one; even if they should not be so fortunate as to have any companions, who can put them in the best method of using it.

The string which should be always whip-cord, or some well-twisted and strong pack-thread, should be unravelled about an inch, at one end, and a button had better be tied to the other. You should hold the untwisted end by your finger, along the side of the top, in your left hand, and wind the string round the peg, and the lower half of your top, exactly in the manner that the little boy who stands the furthest off, in the plate,

is doing. When you have wound up almost all your string, you must put the button between the little and fourth fingers of your right hand, and hold the top fast between the thumb and fore finger. You must then throw it in that sort of over-hand manner which the boy in light clothes is doing; keeping the string still between your fingers, when you let the top go out. Perhaps, when first you try to put these rules in practice, you will find that the top, instead of spinning steadily, only staggers two or three times round; or perhaps rolls to a distance without even doing so much as that. But you must not be discouraged; a little practice will render you more expert; and if you are so for-

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Peg Top.

London. Published by Tabart & Co. July 13-1804.

fortunate as to have any companions, who can put you into the proper method of throwing it, you will certainly find it a great advantage, as it is not possible, I fear, to make you understand as well by a description, as if you were to see a good spinner's manner of doing it. If you want to take the top in your hand, you should open the fingers so as to let the peg be between the two middle ones, when it is in a steady spin, and then rather shutting them, gently raise the top, and it will spin very strongly in your hand, if you take it up with caution, as you see Sam Fielding is doing in the picture. A very common way of playing at peg-top is, to draw a circle with chalk on the

pavement ; and in this, each of the players tries to throw his top. If he succeeds, he may take it up in his hand, but he must endeavour every time he lets it down, that it should go within the ring. When it has done spinning, if it rolls outside the circle, he may take it up and spin again ; but if it happens to fall inside, it must remain there till some more fortunate top forces it out ; and then it becomes the property of the boy to whom the top belongs which drove it out. - Another way in which I have seen boys amuse themselves with their peg-tops is, to try to drive an halfpenny or old button to a given distance, by casting the pegs of their tops upon it, in such a manner as to hit

it, and force it forward ; and the boy who first gets it to the goal, or appointed place, is the winner.

I have known boys endeavour to split their tops by trying to drive them with force against one another ; but I think it is a great pity to destroy a good top in so foolish a manner.

There is, however, a method of carrying on this top-warfare, which I have often seen pursued with very great dexterity, and at the same time with much economy. The plan is this : A circle having been made on a piece of level, hard, clayey ground, one of the boys throws his top into it. If it does not run out of the circle at the time it *dies*, it is then placed in the centre,

and every one tries to split or drive it out; the top that shall split it is then entitled to the peg or pivot, belonging to it; and I have known boys who possessed ten or twelve of these trophies at one time, which they would show about with as much triumph as an Indian savage displays the number of scalps he has torn from his enemies. An economical mode of carrying on this sort of battle is to provide a cheap, and in other respects worthless top, to be substituted for the one you use in play, when this one shall happen to *die* in the circle. After all, I think this method of play has too much the appearance of barbarity and the spirit of gambling, which all good boys will dislike and avoid.

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Skipping.

London.. Publish'd by Tabart & Co. Nov. 5. 1804.

CHAP. XV.

SKIPPING.

MR. FIELDING, though he by no means made it a rule to bring his children something every time he went from home, yet he very often, was so kind as to make them little presents, as encouragements to good behaviour, if he found that they had been attentive to their studies, obliging to one another, and tractable and obedient.

For some time past, he had had great reason to be pleased with the conduct of his sons, and with all his daughters, except Martha, who,

I am sorry to say, though she was in general a well-disposed girl, had lately got into a sad careless habit. Her lessons were seldom perfect, her work was frequently unneat, and both her music and writing had been much neglected.

Her father had been obliged to be seriously angry with her a few days before he left home, and Martha, who, as well as the rest of the children, looked upon his displeasure as the most severe punishment, promised amendment. But inattention, like all other bad habits, is not easily conquered, if it has been long indulged. Martha had allowed herself to dawdle over her lessons, till she found it difficult to learn them in the allotted time; and

though, when she promised, she certainly intended to perform, yet, I am sorry to say, that she did not set about it with sufficient earnestness; and when her father, on his return, enquired how she had behaved during his absence, her mother was obliged to inform him, that she had not made the improvement which she had expected from her promise, and that for the two or three first days of her papa's absence, she had been very idle and inattentive; "however," continued Mrs. Fielding, "yesterday and to-day she has been much more diligent, and I hope we shall have no more reason to be dissatisfied with her." "I hope not, indeed," said Mr. Fielding, "for it is a sad

thing, that children should be so blind to their own interest, as not to endeavour to make the most use they can of the advantages with which they are blessed ; and however," continued he, taking Martha's hand, you may now think, that your *French, music, and lessons* of various sorts, are tedious and useless, the time will come, when you will find great reason to regret not having properly improved these precious moments, when you had it in your power to acquire useful knowledge."

Then, turning to Mrs. Fielding, he enquired whether his eldest daughter had continued to merit his approbation ; and, on finding that she had, he took from his pocket a

very nice skipping-rope, with turned and varnished handles, and, presenting it to her, told her that her good behaviour merited encouragement, and as 'she was fond of skipping, he had thought a handled rope, would be an acceptable present. "I wish my Martha's conduct," continued he, "had been equally deserving, and she should have received the same reward; but she must take the consequence of her folly, and though, as I hope, she is determined to amend, I will not remind her of her past negligence, yet she cannot expect to be at present treated, in every respect, as if she had not been so silly." The tears stood in poor Martha's eyes, which her father observing, he continued, "I do not

mean to reproach you, Martha, with what is past. Your mamma says you have been more diligent lately, and I hope and trust, you will not relapse into your former habit of inattention ; and if you continue to behave well, for the next fortnight, I will give you a rope exactly like your sister's." Martha acquiesced in the justice of her father's determination, and after renewing her promise of amendment, left the room, and accompanied her sister into the garden, where they amused themselves for some time.

Miss Fielding was a remarkable good skipper. She could do all the Scotch steps, as well with her rope as without one ; and could also skip either turning the rope backwards

or forwards ; and has frequently gone on for half an hour without stopping. She took her new present with her, and found that it was much pleasanter to skip with a rope that had handles, than with one without. Martha was also very fond of this amusement. And though she was much too good a girl, to envy the reward which her sister had obtained, yet she regretted that she had lost a similar one by her own folly.

CHAP. XVI.

GARDENING.

“DEAR Cousin,” exclaimed little Susan Fielding as she met Thomas in the hall, the next morning, “I have a very great favour to beg of you ; but you must promise to grant it.” “Let me hear what it is,” answered Tom, “and if it is in my power to please my little Susan, I am sure I will do it willingly.” “I will tell you,” replied the little girl. “Some time ago, papa gave Sam and Arthur a piece of garden for their own ; and they are to dig it, and water it, and plant

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Watering the Garden.

Published by Tabart & Co., 157, New Bond Street.

it, and do all that is necessary to it. I wanted very much to have a little piece too; but he said he thought I was too young to be able to take care of it myself. However, Arthur lets me call a piece of his my own; and he says, when he has time, he will dig it for me; but he has not got his own into order yet, so I do not know when he will be able to do any thing to mine. Now, if you will be so very kind as to dig it up for me, I can rake it myself, and pick up the stones."

Thomas very readily complied with the little girl's request, and accompanied her into the garden.

"Let us go into the tool-house, first," said she, "and get the spade and the rake, and then you shall

begin to work; and I will be your mistress, and tell you what you are to do; and you shall be my gardener, and be very civil to me, and call me madam, every time you speak to me."

"O, very well, my little mistress," said Tom, laughing. "Pray, madam, what will you please to have done first?"

"You must dig up that border, Thomas, and mind you do it neatly, and make it very smooth; for I am to have some flowers put into it, and some fruit trees." Tom made a low bow, and, taking up the spade, began to work very diligently. When he had got the ground into proper order, he went to Martha's garden, and, with her permission,

dug up some polianthus and cowslips which she had before promised to give to Susan. He then made a hole in the ground with the dibber, into which he put the roots, and very carefully pressed the earth close to them.

“ These plants must have a little water, madam,” said the young gardener to his new mistress: “ Will you please to tell me where I can find the watering-pot ?”

“ I will fetch it,” said she, and was running away, when Tom stopped her. “ By no means, madam, I cannot think of your giving yourself that trouble.”

“ O, I am tired of being a lady,” cried Susan; so we will have no more *making believe*; but you shall

be cousin Tom again, and I will be your own little Susan."

The little girl having resumed her own character, skipped away in search of the watering-pot. "Here it is, Tom," said she, "but make haste and use it, for mamma is come out of doors, and I am going to ask her to come and see how neat you have made my garden." In a few minutes little Susan returned, and brought with her a flower-pot.— "See," said she, "what a pretty geranium mamma has given me for my own, and she says, when the weather gets cold, it shall be put into the green-house again to be kept warm."

Tom congratulated his little cousin on her nice present, and having

received her repeated thanks for his assistance, and carefully put away all the tools he had used ; he joined Sam and Arthur, who were by that time returned from school, it being a half-holiday.

“ Joe Chandler has given me a bag of marbles in exchange for my old peg-top,” said Sam Fielding, in answer to his cousin’s inquiry of what they should play at. “ Should you like a game at marbles ? ” “ With all my heart,” replied Tom ; “ but I know so little about it, that I am afraid you will find me a poor hand.” “ We will teach you, then,” said Arthur. “ Let us go upon the pavement in the coach-yard. In the first place, we must draw a circle. I have got a piece

of chalk. There ; now we will each put one marble in to begin with."

Tom.—But I have not got any.

Sam.—O, I will divide my bag amongst us. Let us see, I have got seven-and-twenty ; that will be just nine a-piece. " Now," continued he, " you must know that it is the business of each player to endeavour with his taw to drive as many of the marbles out of the ring as he can, and also to hit the taw of his antagonist. If, however, his taw should unfortunately remain in the ring, he instantly dies." " How do you mean he dies?" enquired Tom. " He loses all for that game, and may not shoot again," replied his cousin. " But if he should be fortunate enough to

drive out any of the marbles from the ring, they become his own, till such time as one of the other players happens to strike his taw, and then he must give up all he had won, to the boy who struck him."

Tom.—That seems very hard, I think.

Sam.—It does, a little; but it makes the game more interesting, for he has the same advantage, if he chance to strike a taw of any of the other players.

Tom.—What is the difference between taws and marbles?

Sam.—The taws are usually better made, and the marks on them are prettier, and they are generally rather smaller, and the players keep their own taws, and do not part

with them; but the marbles, you know, are lost and won frequently. Do you know how to shoot a marble properly?

Tom.—You rest it between the knuckle of your thumb and the tip of your fore-finger, do you not?

Sam.—Yes; letting the marble go out with a spring, in this manner.

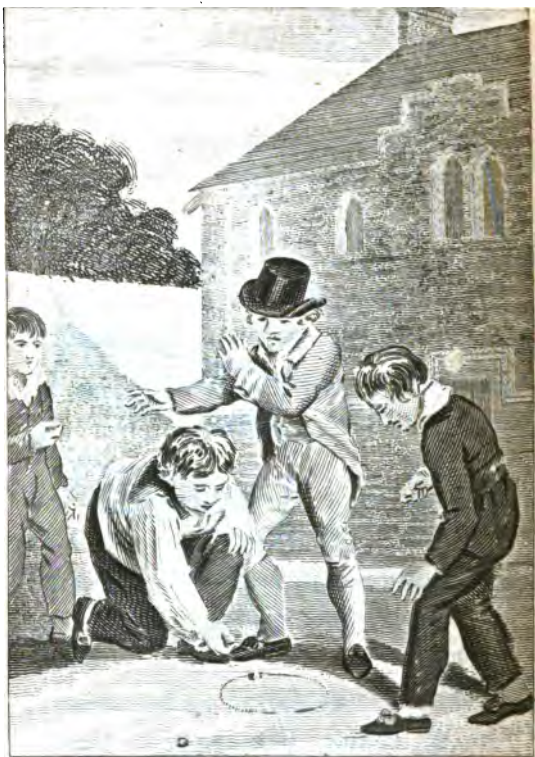
Tom.—You do not reckon the game finished, I think, either till all the marbles are out of the ring, or all the players are dead, do you?

Sam.—No, certainly. But here comes Arthur, and James Wentworth with him.

Tom.—Is he one of your school-fellows?

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Marbles.

London, Published by Tabart & Co. Nevil-Street.

Sam.—Yes ; and a very great favourite too, I assure you.

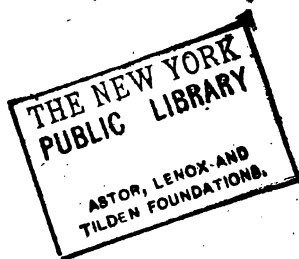
This young man was the son of a neighbour and intimate friend of Mr. Fielding's : and, as he was a very good boy, and extremely fond of both Sam and Arthur, he was frequently permitted to spend the afternoon with them on a half-holiday. He no sooner saw the ring upon the ground, than he begged they might begin to play immediately, as marbles was an amusement of which he was particularly fond. Four marbles were then put into the ring, and they began to shoot in order, and when it next came to be their turn, they stood at the spot where their own taws had stopped.

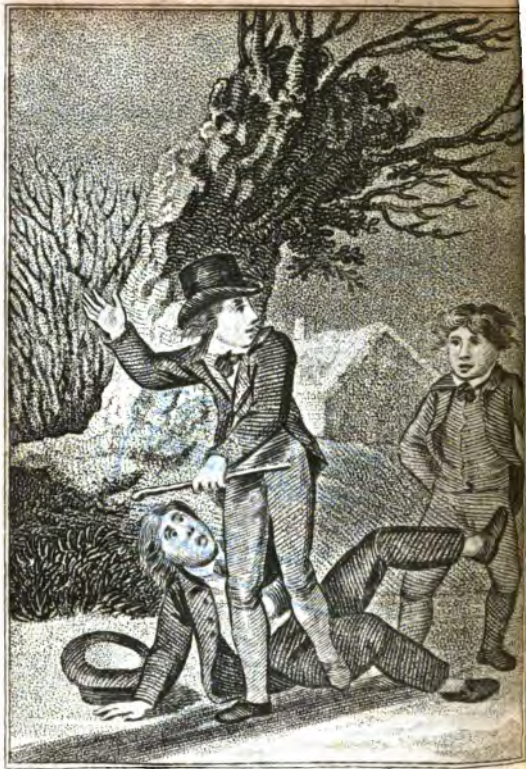
Tom was so little acquainted with the game, that he found himself very awkward at first; but as he was rather quick at learning any thing of the kind, he improved very fast, and he had just struck a marble out of the ring, and hit Wentworth's taw, when they were summoned to dinner.

Marbles is a very pretty game; and I cannot dismiss it without some farther explanation. The most innocent and prettiest game of marbles is by placing five in the ring; four of them, at equal distances, round the circle, and one in the middle. This may be done with greater exactness, by drawing two lines across each other through the ring, placing one marble at the four extremi-

ties of these lines, and one exactly at the point of intersection in the middle. When this is done, each boy removes to a distance of about three or four yards from the ring, to a place marked for that purpose, which is called *home*. They then bowl their taws, and he that bowls the nearest the edge of the ring is to shoot first: accordingly he shoots from the place where his taw rests; and as many of the marbles as he strikes out of the circle he puts into his hand or scrip; and whoever gets three out of the five is, of course, in possession of the game; and it is his business to keep out of the reach of other taws; for if they strike him he gives up his game; as in the method just described. When all the

marbles are struck out the game is *up*; and he is winner who possesses three marbles; which, however, he is to return to the ring, and not keep them, for that would be gambling; and the game is renewed as before.





Sliding on the Ice.

Published by Tabart & Co 157 New Bond Street.

CHAP. XVII.

SLIDING.

AFTER having spent three weeks very pleasantly with his uncle and aunt, Thomas White received a letter from Dr. Benson, to inform him that he was about to return home, and that he intended to begin school on the following Monday. If it would be agreeable to Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, he added, that he would stop at their house, and take his young pupil back with him.

Thomas had received so much pleasure from his visit, that he

could not help regretting that it was so soon to terminate; but he well knew that it would be making a very bad return for all the kindness of his friends, to repine or be dissatisfied when it was necessary for him to leave them.

When the time came that he was to quit Thornberry, he prettily thanked his uncle and aunt for all their attention to him, affectionately kissed all his cousins, and with a cheerful countenance accompanied Dr. Benson and his friend George to Kingston.

As the winter advanced, the amusements of the Kingston Academy were varied by the introduction of those peculiarly adapted to the season.

George Benson was fond of sliding. He had often entertained his friend White with a description of the pleasures of a slide. It was a matter of joy to him to find that, on one severe morning, at the end of November, the ice was sufficiently strong to allow them to amuse themselves upon it without danger.

On the following day, however, they found, to their great disappointment, that the slide was completely spoiled, a good deal of snow having fallen in the course of the night.

“What must we do now?” enquired White, as he ran across the pond, kicking the snow about with his feet. “See, there are no traces of our slide, and we cannot even

find whereabouts it was.” “We must sweep away the snow,” replied George. “It is not very deep, and a birch broom will soon clear it away.”

The broom was immediately procured, and the snow cleared away, for a space of about twelve feet in length, and nearly a foot wide.

“There, that will do, I believe,” said George. “You shall see me have the first slide, and I promise you it shall be a good one, though we have not got it perfectly smooth yet. Here I go.”—

“There you go, indeed,” exclaimed all his companions almost in the same instant, with a loud burst of laughter, upon seeing poor George fall down, at the very mo-

ment he had called their attention to his dexterity.

George, who was not much hurt, raised himself upon his elbow and most cordially joined in the laugh :
“ Well, I declare, I deserved to fall down for boasting so,” said he.
“ But the snow stuck to my feet, and made them slippery, I fancy.”

“ I remember once,” said White, “ seeing a number of boys sliding, and they seemed to me to have a very clever contrivance. Each one of them had a thick block of ice, of about a foot square. In the top of this they made a hole, in which they rested a long pole ; they pushed this before them on the ice as fast as ever they could, and when they had, by this means got it into

motion, they pulled out the stick and jumped upon it.

"But their weight would soon stop it, I should think," observed George.

"No, that did not seem to be the case," replied White. "The ice was perfectly smooth the time I am speaking of, and, I assure you, they slid on for a considerable distance.

"We will try it some day when the pond is frozen, and there is no snow to make it rough," said George; a proposal to which the rest of the party readily assented.

CHAP. XVIII.

FOOT-BALL.

“WHAT shall we do with ourselves?” was an enquiry made by two or three of the boys, one day, when they came out of the school-room.

“O, I will tell you,” cried George Benson, as he ran into the field. “I have just been out with my brother, and I have brought home a new toy, and I am sure none of you can guess what it is.”

“If you are sure of that, you may as well tell us at once, I think,” said James.

George Benson.—We stopped at Mr. Wigton's, who has lately been to London, and he brought some playthings down for his children, and among the rest a fine large foot-ball. One of them, however, contrived to send it through the dining-room window, so their mother thinks it is not a proper toy for them, and she gave it to me to kick about the field, for it can do no mischief there she says. Look what a nice one it is.

James Benson.—A nice one, indeed. Do you know how to play with it?

George Benson.—Not I, indeed, but I think we may invent a game for ourselves.

James.—What sort of a game can you make?

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Foot Ball.

Published by Roberts & Co. 157, New Bond Street.

George.—First, I think, we will divide ourselves into two parties. How many are there of us?

White.—Only four. Jackson and Price are gone into the town.

George.—Well then we shall be two on a side. You, White, shall be along with me. Now I will kick the ball with all my force, and one of you must try to strike it with your foot and return it to us. Either White or I must be ready to send it back again. When either party misses the ball when it comes to be their turn to strike, their opponent must reckon one. We may make the game eleven, or more if you like it better.

James Benson.—I think you have contrived a very good game, George, so let us begin.

“ Well done, well done,” cried George, as James Benson received the ball with his foot, and sent it to a considerable distance. White watched the direction it took, and was ready to return it, and it travelled several times from one party to the other, before it fell to the ground.

“ Now, do not you think,” said George, “ this is a famous good game? There is so much exercise in it, it makes me warm, even such a day as this.”

The young folks continued to enjoy their new mode of diversion, till White was summoned to the parlour. I shall not attempt to describe his mingled astonishment and joy, when on opening the door, he saw his father. If any of my young readers have ever unexpectedly seen a

beloved parent, after many months separation, they will be able to form some idea of the sensations of the delighted boy.

After some conversation Mr. White informed his son, that he had landed at Dover the preceding day, and that as he thought the meeting with his family would be doubly pleasant, if they could all enjoy it together, he had determined to travel along the coast to Kingston, and as the holidays were so near, take him home with him. "It will not make much difference," continued he, and as the accounts Dr. Benson has given me of your attention and assiduity, are such as I could wish for, I am happy in being able to reward

your obedience to my parting injunctions.

The chaise will be here in a few minutes, so go and take leave of your school-fellows, and tell your friend George, we shall expect his company at Clapham, for part of the holidays."

The business of taking leave was soon over. Thomas bid adieu to Dr. Benson and his young friends, and stepped into the chaise with his father, without finding his pleasure at going home at all lessened, by the thoughts that in a few weeks he should return again to the KINGSTON ACADEMY.

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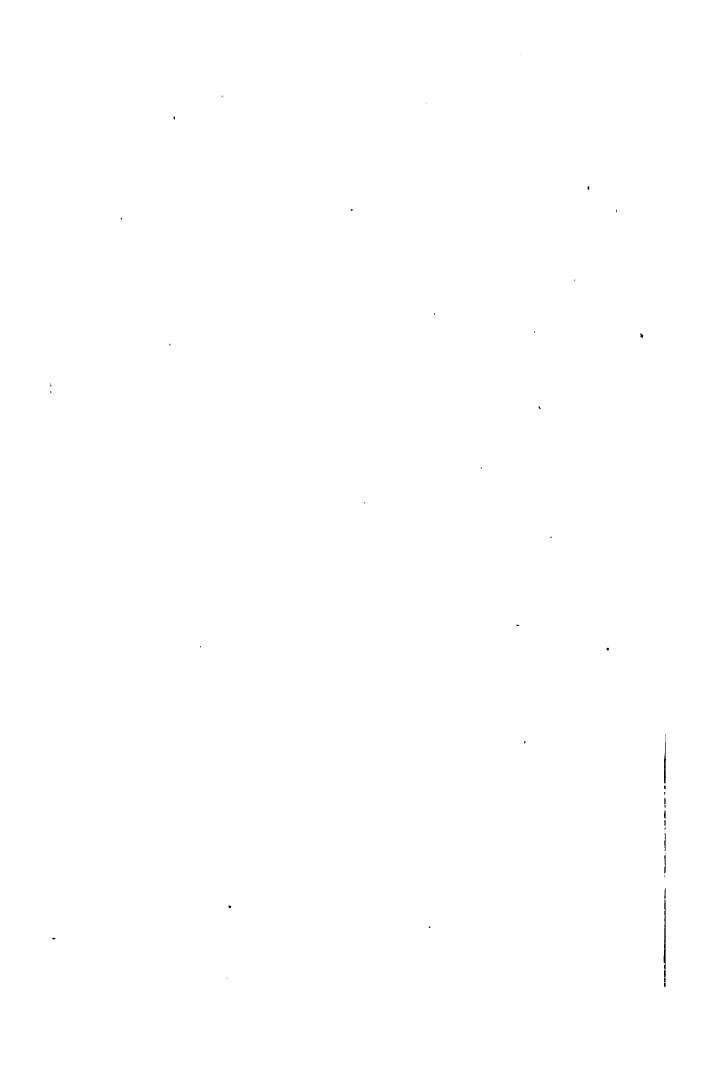
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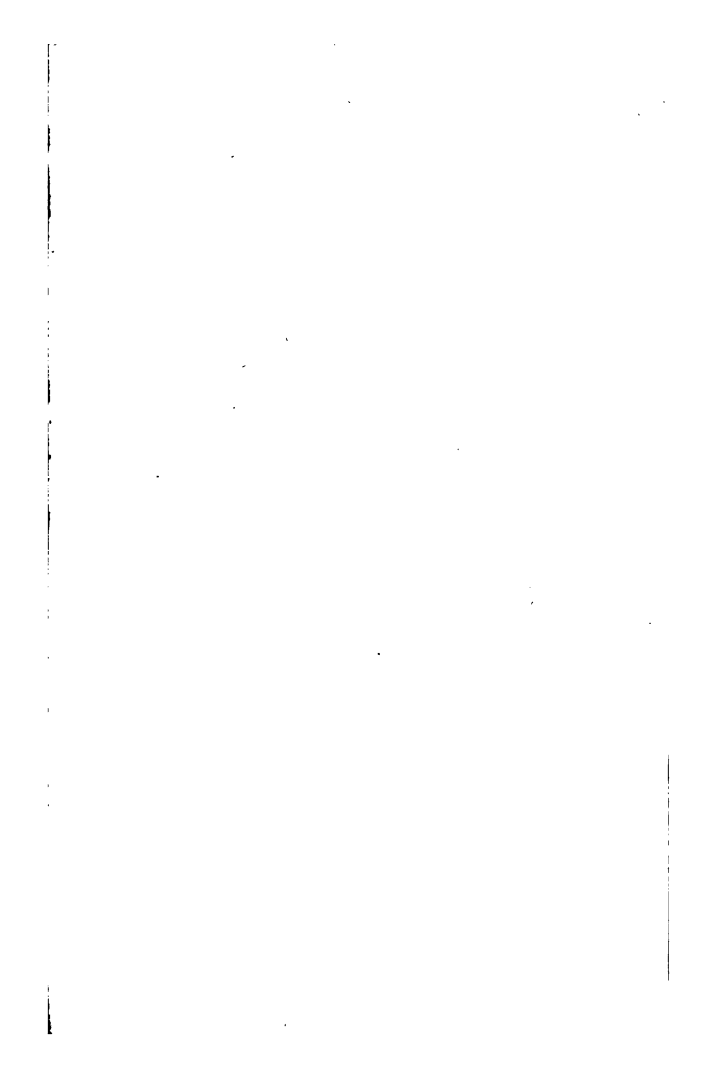
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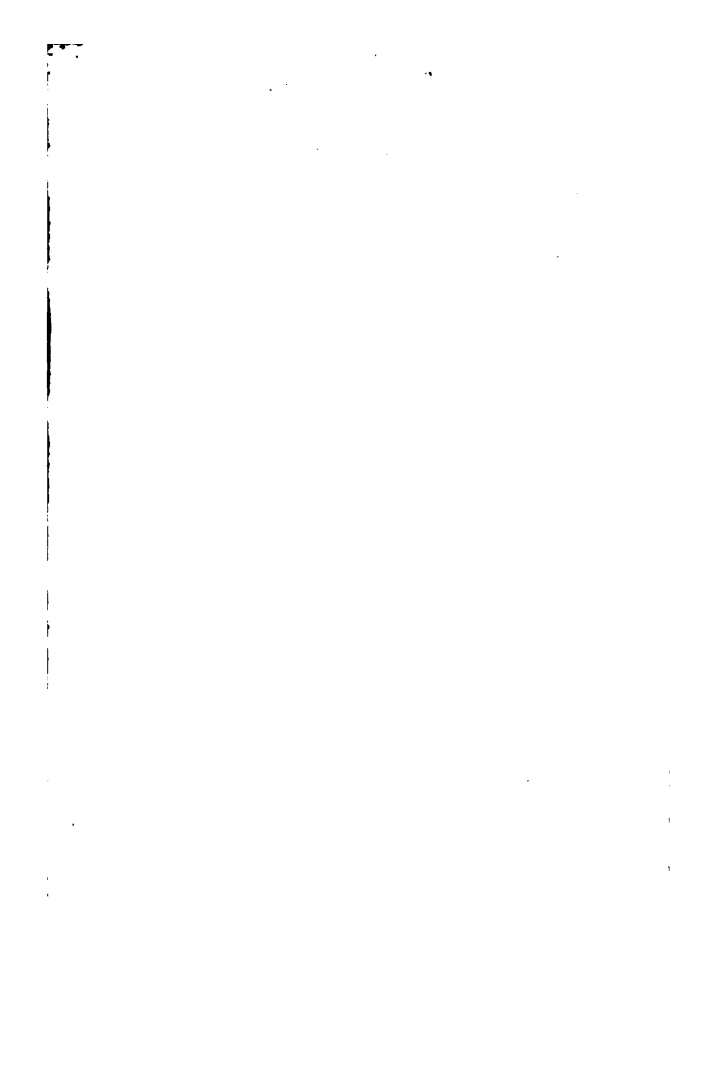
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